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## **An Instance Of Quick Wit**

from The Project Gutenberg (PG)  
eBook, *The White Road to Verdun*,  
by Kathleen Burke

<http://www.gutenberg.org/files/11679/11679-h/11679-h.htm#6>

It is curious how near humour is to tragedy in war, how quick wit may serve a useful purpose, and even save life. A young French medical student told me that he owed his life to the quick wit of the women of a village and the sense of humour of a Saxon officer. Whilst passing from one hospital to another he was captured by a small German patrol, and in spite of his papers proving that he was attached to the Red Cross Service, he was tried as a spy and condemned to be shot. At the opening of his trial the women had been interested spectators, towards the end all of them had vanished. He was placed against a barn door, the firing squad lined up, when from behind

the hedge bordering a wood, the women began to bombard the soldiers with eggs. The aim was excellent, not one man escaped; the German officer laughed at the plight of his men and, in the brief respite accorded, the young man dashed towards the hedge and vanished in the undergrowth. The Germans fired a few shots but there was no organised attempt to follow him, probably because their own position was not too secure. He was loth to leave the women to face the music, but they insisted that it was pour la patrie and that they were quite capable of taking care of themselves. Later he again visited the village and the women told him that beyond obliging them to clean the soldiers' clothes thoroughly, the German officer had inflicted no other punishment upon them.

A certain number of inhabitants are still

living in the village of Revigny. You see everywhere placards announcing "Caves pour 25," "Caves pour 100," and each person knows to which cellar he is to go if a Taube should start bombing the village. I saw one cellar marked "120 persons, specially safe, reserved for the children." Children are one of the most valuable assets of France, and a good old Territorial "Pe-Pere" (Daddy), as they are nicknamed, told me that it was his special but difficult duty to muster the children directly a Taube was signalled and chase them down into the cellar. Mopping his brow he assured me that it was not easy to catch the little beggars, who hid in the ruins, behind the army wagons, anywhere to escape the "parental" eye, even standing in rain barrels up to their necks in water. It is needless to add they consider it a grave infringement of their personal liberty and think that they should be allowed to remain in the open and see

all that goes on, just as the little Londoners beg and coax to be allowed to stay up "to see the Zepps."

Passing the railway station we stopped to make some enquiries, and promptly ascertained all we wished to know from the Chef de Gare. In the days of peace there is in France no one more officious than the station master of a small but prosperous village. Now he is the meekest of men. Braided cap in hand he goes along the train from carriage door to carriage door humbly requesting newspapers for the wounded in the local hospitals: "Nous avons cent vingt cinq blesses ici, cela les fait tant de plaisir d'avoir des nouvelles." (We have 125 wounded here and they love to hear the news.)

In addition to levying a toll on printed matter, he casts a covetous and meaning glance on any fruit or chocolate that may be visible. Before

the train is out of the station, you can see the once busy, and in his own opinion, all-important railway official, vanishing down the road to carry his spoils to his suffering comrades. Railway travelling is indeed expensive in France. No matter what time of day or night, wet or fine, the trains are met at each station by devoted women who extract contributions for the Red Cross Funds from the pockets of willing givers. It is only fair to state, however, that in most instances the station master gets there first.

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## **The Women of Athens.**

From The Project Gutenberg EBook of  
*A Day In Old Athens* EBook #4716  
by William Stearns Davis

How Athenian Marriages are Arranged.--Over this typical Athenian home reigns the wife of the master. Public opinion frowns upon celibacy, and there are relatively few unmarried men in Athens. An Athenian girl is brought up with the distinct expectation of matrimony.[\*] Opportunities for a romance almost never will come her way; but it is the business of her parents to find her a suitable husband. If they are kindly people of good breeding, their choice is not likely to be a very bad one. If they have difficulties, they can engage a professional "matchmaker," a shrewd old woman who, for a fee, will hunt out an eligible



young man. Marriage is contracted primarily that there may be legitimate children to keep up the state and to perpetuate the family. That the girl should have any will of her own in the matter is almost never thought of. Very probably she has never seen "Him," save when they both were marching in a public religious procession, or at some rare family gathering (a marriage or a funeral) when there were outside guests. Besides she will be "given away" when only about fifteen, and probably has formed no intelligent opinion or even prejudices on the subject.

[\*]The vile custom of exposing unwelcome female babies probably created a certain preponderance of males in Attica, and made it relatively easy to marry off a desirable young girl.

If a young man (who will marry at about thirty) is independent in life, the negotiations will be with him directly. If he is still dependent on the paternal allowance, the two sets of parents will usually arrange matters themselves, and demand only the formal consent of the prospective bridegroom. He will probably accept promptly this bride whom his father has selected; if not, he risks a stormy encounter with his parents, and will finally capitulate. He has perhaps never seen "Her," and can only hope things are for the best; and after all she is so young that his friends tell him that he can train her to be very useful and obedient if he will only take pains. The parents, or, failing them, the guardians, adjust the dowry--the lump sum which the bride will bring with her towards

the new establishment.[\*] Many maxims enjoin "marry only your equal in fortune." The poor man who weds an heiress will not be really his own master; the dread of losing the big dowry will keep him in perpetual bondage to her whims.

[\*]The dowry was a great protection to the bride. If her husband divorced her (as by law he might), the dowry must be repaid to her guardians with 18 per cent. interest.

Lack of Sentiment in Marriages.-- Sometimes marriages are arranged in which any sentiment is obviously prohibited. A father can betroth his daughter by will to some kinsman, who is to take her over as his bride when he takes over the property. A husband can bequeath his wife to some friend who is likely to treat her and

the orphan children with kindness.  
Such affairs occur every day.  
Do the Athenian women revolt at these  
seemingly degrading conditions,  
wherein they are handed around like  
slaves, or even cattle?--According  
to the tragic poets they do. Sophocles  
(in the "Tereus") makes  
them lament,

"We women are nothing;--happy  
indeed is our childhood, for THEN we  
are thoughtless; but when we attain  
maidenhood, lo! we are driven  
away from our homes, sold as  
merchandise, and compelled to marry  
and say 'All's well.'"

Euripides is even more bitter in his  
"Medea":--

Surely of creatures that have life and  
wit,  
We women are of all things  
wretchedest,  
Who first must needs, as buys the  
highest bidder,  
Thus buy a husband, and our body's  
master.[\*/

[\*]Way's translation.

Athenian Marriage Rites.--However,  
thus runs public custom.  
At about fifteen the girl must leave her  
mother's fostering care  
and enter the house of the stranger.  
The wedding is, of course,  
a great ceremony; and here, if nowhere  
else, Athenian women can  
surely prepare, flutter, and ordain to  
their heart's content. After  
the somewhat stiff and formal betrothal  
before witnesses (necessary

to give legal effect to the marriage), the actual wedding will probably take place,--perhaps in a few days, perhaps with a longer wait till the favorite marriage month Gamelion [January].[\*] Then on a lucky night of the full moon the bride, having, no doubt tearfully, dedicated to Artemis her childish toys, will be decked in her finest and will come down, all veiled, into her father's torchlit aula, swarming now with guests. Here will be at last that strange master of her fate, the bridegroom and his best man (paranymphos). Her father will offer sacrifice (probably a lamb), and after the sacrifice everybody will feast on the flesh of the victim; and also share a large flat cake of pounded sesame seeds roasted and mixed with honey. As the evening advances the wedding car will be outside the door. The

mother hands the bride over to  
the groom, who leads her to the  
chariot, and he and the groomsmen  
sit down, one on either side, while with  
torches and song the  
friends to with the car in jovial  
procession to the house of the  
young husband.

[\*]This winter month was sacred to  
Hera, the marriage guardian.

"Ho, Hymen! Ho, Hymen!  
Hymenæous! Io!"

So rings the refrain of the marriage  
song; and all the doorways  
and street corners are crowded with  
onlookers to shout fair wishes  
and good-natured raillery.

At the groom's house there is a volley  
of confetti to greet the

happy pair. The bride stops before the threshold to eat a quince.[\*]

There is another feast,--possibly riotous fun and hard drinking. At last the bride is led, still veiled, to the perfumed and flower-hung marriage chamber. The doors close behind the married pair. Their friends sing a merry rollicking catch outside, the Epithalamium. The great day has ended. The Athenian girl has experienced the chief transition of her life.

[\*]The symbol of fertility.

The Mental Horizon of Athenian Women.--Despite the suggestions in the poets, probably the normal Athenian woman is neither degraded nor miserable. If she is a girl of good ancestry and the usual bringing up, she has never expected any other conditions than



these. She knows that her parents care for her and have tried to secure for her a husband who will be her guardian and solace when they are gone. Xenophon's ideal young husband, Ischomachus, says he married his wife at the age of fifteen.[\*] She had been "trained to see and to hear as little as possible"; but her mother had taught her to have a sound control of her appetite and of all kinds of self-indulgence, to take wool and to make a dress of it, and to manage the slave maids in their spinning tasks. She was at first desperately afraid of her husband, and it was some time before he had "tamed" her sufficiently to discuss their household problems freely. Then Ischomachus made her join with him in a prayer to the gods that "he might teach and she might learn all that could conduce to their joint happiness"; after

which they took admirable counsel together, and her tactful and experienced husband (probably more than twice her age) trained her into a model housewife.

[\*]See Xenophon's "The Economist," VII ff. The more pertinent passages are quoted in W. S. Davis's "Readings in Ancient History," Vol. I, pp. 265-271.

The Honor paid Womanhood in Athens.--Obviously from a young woman with a limited intellectual horizon the Athenian gentleman can expect no mental companionship; but it is impossible that he can live in the world as a keenly intelligent being, and not come to realize the enormous value of the "woman spirit" as it affects all things good. Hera, Artemis, Aphrodite, above

all Pallas-Athena,--city-warrior of  
Athens,--who are they all  
but idealizations of that peculiar genius  
which wife, mother, and  
daughter show forth every day in their  
homes? An Athenian never  
allows his wife to visit the Agora. She  
cannot indeed go outside  
the house without his express  
permission, and only then attended by  
one or two serving maids; public  
opinion will likewise frown upon  
the man who allowed his wife to  
appear in public too freely[\*];  
nevertheless there are compensations.  
Within her home the Athenian  
woman is within her kingdom. Her  
husband will respect her, because  
he will respect himself. Brutal and  
harsh he may possibly be, but  
that is because he is also brutal and  
harsh in his outside dealings.  
In extreme cases an outraged wife can  
sue for divorce before the  
archon. And very probably in ninety-

nine cases out of a hundred  
the Athenian woman is contented with  
her lot: partly because she  
knows of nothing better; partly because  
she has nothing concrete  
whereof to complain.

[\*]Hypereides, the orator, says, "The  
woman who goes out of her  
own home ought to be of such an age  
that when men meet her, the  
question is not 'Who is her husband?'  
but 'Whose mother is she?'"  
Pericles, in the great funeral oration put  
in his mouth by Thucydides,  
says that the best women are those  
who are talked of for good or  
ill the very least.

Doubtless it is because an Athenian  
house is a "little oasis  
of domesticity," tenderly guarded from  
all insult,--a miniature  
world whose joys and sorrows are not

to be shared by the outer  
universe,--that the Athenian treats the  
private affairs of his  
family as something seldom to be  
shared, even with an intimate  
friend. Of individual women we hear  
and see little in Athens, but  
of NOBLE WOMANHOOD a great  
deal. By a hundred tokens, delightful  
vase paintings, noble monuments,  
poetic myths, tribute is paid to  
the self-mastery, the self-forgetfulness,  
the courage, the gentleness "of  
the wives and mothers who have made  
Athens the beacon of Hellas";  
and there is one witness better than all  
the rest. Along the  
"Street of Tombs," by the gate of the  
city, runs the long row of  
stelæ (funeral monuments), inimitable  
and chaste memorials to the  
beloved dead; and here we meet,  
many times over, the portrayal of  
a sorrow too deep for common lament,  
the sorrow for the lovely and

gracious figures who have passed into the great Mystery. Along the Street of the Tombs the wives and mothers of Athens are honored not less than the wealthy, the warriors, or the statesmen.

The Sphere of Action of Athenian Women.--Assuredly the Athenian house mother cannot match her husband in discussing philosophy or foreign politics, but she has her own home problems and confronts them well. A dozen or twenty servants must be kept busy. From her, all the young children must get their first education, and the girls probably everything they are taught until they are married. Even if she does not meet many men, she will strive valiantly to keep the good opinion of her husband. If she has shapely feet and hands (whereupon great stress is laid

in Hellas), she will do her utmost to display them to the greatest advantage[\*]; and she has, naturally, plenty of other vanities (see § 38). Her husband has turned over to her the entire management of the household. This means that if he is an easy-going man, she soon understands his home business far better than he does himself, and really has him quite at her mercy. Between caring for her husband's wants, nursing the sick slaves, acting as arbitress in their inevitable disputes, keeping a constant watch upon the storeroom, and finally in attending to the manufacture of nearly all the family clothing, she is not likely to rust in busy idleness, or sit complaining of her lot. At the many great public festivals she is always at least an onlooker and often she marches proudly in the magnificent processions. She

is allowed to attend the tragedies in the theater.[+] Probably, too, the family will own a country farm, and spend a part of the year thereon. Here she will be allowed a delightful freedom of movement, impossible in the closely built city. All in all, then, she will complain of too much enforced activity rather than of too much idleness.

[\*]The custom of wearing sandals instead of shoes of course aided the developing of beautiful feet.

[+]Not the comedies--they were too broad for refined women. But the fact that Athenian ladies seem to have been allowed to attend the tragedies is a tribute to their intellectual capacities. Only an acute and intelligent mind can follow Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides.



Nevertheless our judgment upon the Athenian women is mainly one of regret. Even if not discontented with their lot, they are not realizing the full possibilities which Providence has placed within the reach of womanhood, much less the womanhood of the mothers of the warriors, poets, orators, and other immortals of Athens. One great side of civilization which the city of Athens might develop and realize is left unrealized. THIS CIVILIZATION OF ATHENS IS TOO MASCULINE; it is therefore one sided, and in so far it does not realize that ideal "Harmony" which is the average Athenian's boast.

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## **The Fortress of Uiticos and the House of the Sun**

from PG Ebook 10772

*Inca Land*, by Hiram Bingham

When the viceroy, Toledo, determined to conquer that last stronghold of the Incas where for thirty-five years they had defied the supreme power of Spain, he offered a thousand dollars a year as a pension to the soldier who would capture Tupac Amaru. Captain Garcia earned the pension, but failed to receive it; the "mañana habit" was already strong in the days of Philip II. So the doughty captain filed a collection of testimonials with Philip's Royal Council of the Indies. Among these is his own statement of what happened on the campaign against Tupac Amaru. In this he says: "and having arrived at the principal fortress, Guay-

napucará ["the young fortress"], which the Incas had fortified, we found it defended by the Prince Philipe Quispetutio, a son of the Inca Titu Cusi, with his captains and soldiers. It is on a high eminence surrounded with rugged crags and jungles, very dangerous to ascend and almost impregnable. Nevertheless, with my aforesaid company of soldiers I went up and gained the fortress, but only with the greatest possible labor and danger. Thus we gained the province of Uilcapampa." The viceroy himself says this important victory was due to Captain Garcia's skill and courage in storming the heights of Guaynapucará, "on Saint John the Baptist's day, in 1572."

The "Hill of Roses" is indeed "a high eminence surrounded with rugged crags." The side of easiest approach is

protected by a splendid, long wall, built so carefully as not to leave a single toe-hold for active besiegers. The barracks at Uncapampa could have furnished a contingent to make an attack on that side very dangerous. The hill is steep on all sides, and it would have been extremely easy for a small force to have defended it. It was undoubtedly "almost impregnable." This was the feature Captain Garcia was most likely to remember.

On the very summit of the hill are the ruins of a partly enclosed compound consisting of thirteen or fourteen houses arranged so as to form a rough square, with one large and several small courtyards. The outside dimensions of the compound are about 160 feet by 145 feet. The builders showed the familiar Inca sense of symmetry in arranging

the houses, Due to the wanton destruction of many buildings by the natives in their efforts at treasure-hunting, the walls have been so pulled down that it is impossible to get the exact dimensions of the buildings. In only one of them could we be sure that there had been any niches.

Most interesting of all is the structure which caught the attention of Ocampo and remained fixed in his memory. Enough remains of this building to give a good idea of its former grandeur. It was indeed a fit residence for a royal Inca, an exile from Cuzco. It is 245 feet by 43 feet. There were no windows, but it was lighted by thirty doorways, fifteen in front and the same in back. It contained ten large rooms, besides three hallways running from

front to rear. The walls were built rather hastily and are not noteworthy, but the principal entrances, namely, those leading to each hall, are particularly well made; not, to be sure, of "marble" as Ocampo said--there is no marble in the province--but of finely cut ashlar of white granite. The lintels of the principal doorways, as well as of the ordinary ones, are also of solid blocks of white granite, the largest being as much as eight feet in length. The doorways are better than any other ruins in Uilcapampa except those of Machu Picchu, thus justifying the mention of them made by Ocampo, who lived near here and had time to become thoroughly familiar with their appearance. Unfortunately, a very small portion of the edifice was still standing. Most of the rear doors had been filled up with ashlar, in order to make a continuous

fence. Other walls had been built from the ruins, to keep cattle out of the cultivated pampa. Rosaspata is at an elevation which places it on the borderland between the cold grazing country, with its root crops and sublimated pigweeds, and the temperate zone where maize flourishes.

On the south side of the hilltop, opposite the long palace, is the ruin of a single structure, 78 feet long and 35 feet wide, containing doors on both sides, no niches and no evidence of careful workmanship. It was probably a barracks for a company of soldiers.

The intervening "pampa" might have been the scene of those games of bowls and quoits, which were played by the Spanish refugees who fled from the wrath of Gonzalo Pizarro and found refuge with the Inca

Manco. Here may have occurred that fatal game when one of the players lost his temper and killed his royal host.

Our excavations in 1915 yielded a mass of rough potsherds, a few Inca whirl-bobs and bronze shawl pins, and also a number of iron articles of European origin, heavily rusted--horseshoe nails, a buckle, a pair of scissors, several bridle or saddle ornaments, and three Jew's-harps. My first thought was that modern Peruvians must have lived here at one time, although the necessity of carrying all water supplies up the hill would make this unlikely. Furthermore, the presence here of artifacts of European origin does not of itself point to such a conclusion. In the first place, we know that Manco was accustomed to make raids on Spanish travelers between Cuzco and Lima. He might very easily have brought back with him a Spanish



bridle. In the second place the musical instruments may have belonged to the refugees, who might have enjoyed whiling away their exile with melancholy twanging. In the third place the retainers of the Inca probably visited the Spanish market in Cuzco, where there would have been displayed at times a considerable assortment of goods of European manufacture. Finally Rodriguez de Figueroa speaks expressly of two pairs of scissors he brought as a present to Titu Cusi. That no such array of European artifacts has been turned up in the excavations of other important sites in the province of Ulcapampa would seem to indicate that they were abandoned before the Spanish Conquest or else were occupied by natives who had no means of accumulating such treasures.

Thanks to Ocampo's description of the fortress which Tupac Amaru was occupying in 1572 there is no doubt that this was the palace of the last Inca. Was it also the capital of his brothers, Titu Cusi and Sayri Tupac, and his father, Manco? It is astonishing how few details we have by which the Uiticos of Manco may be identified. His contemporaries are strangely silent. When he left Cuzco and sought refuge "in the remote fastnesses of the Andes," there was a Spanish soldier, Cieza de Leon, in the armies of Pizarro who had a genius for seeing and hearing interesting things and writing them down, and who tried to interview as many members of the royal family as he could;--Manco had thirteen brothers. Cieza de Leon says he was much disappointed not to be able to talk with Manco himself and his sons, but they had "retired into the provinces of Uiticos,

which are in the most retired part of those regions, beyond the great Cordillera of the Andes." [12]

The Spanish refugees who died as the result of the murder of Manco may not have known how to write. Anyhow, so far as we can learn they left no accounts from which any one could identify his residence.

Titu Cusi gives no definite clue, but the activities of Friar Marcos and Friar Diego, who came to be his spiritual advisers, are fully described by Calancha. It will be remembered that Calancha remarks that

"close to Uiticos in a village called Chuquipalpa, is a House of the Sun and in it a white stone over a spring of water." Our guide had told us there was such a place close to the hill of Rosaspata.

On the day after making the first

studies of the "Hill of Roses," I followed the impatient Mogrovejo-- whose object was not to study ruins but to earn dollars for finding them-- and went over the hill on its northeast side to the Valley of Los Andenes ("the Terraces"). Here, sure enough, was a large, white granite boulder, flattened on top, which had a carved seat or platform on its northern side. Its west side covered a cave in which were several niches. This cave had been walled in on one side. When Mogrovejo and the Indian guide said there was a manantial de agua ("spring of water") near by, I became greatly interested. On investigation, however, the "spring" turned out to be nothing but part of a small irrigating ditch. (Manantial means "spring"; it also means "running water"). But the rock was not "over the water." Although this was undoubtedly one of those huacas, or

sacred boulders, selected by the Incas as the visible representations of the founders of a tribe and thus was an important accessory to ancestor worship, it was not the Yurak Rumi for which we were looking.

Leaving the boulder and the ruins of what possibly had been the house of its attendant priest, we followed the little water course past a large number of very handsomely built agricultural terraces, the first we had seen since leaving Machu Picchu and the most important ones in the valley. So scarce are andenes in this region and so noteworthy were these in particular that this vale has been named after them. They were probably built under the direction of Manco. Near them are a number of carved boulders, huacas. One had an intihuatana, or sundial nubbin, on it; another was carved in the shape of a saddle. Continuing, we

followed a trickling stream through thick woods until we suddenly arrived at an open place called ñusta Isppana. Here before us was a great white rock over a spring. Our guides had not misled us. Beneath the trees were the ruins of an Inca temple, flanking and partly enclosing the gigantic granite boulder, one end of which overhung a small pool of running water. When we learned that the present name of this immediate vicinity is Chuquipalta our happiness was complete.

It was late on the afternoon of August 9, 1911, when I first saw this remarkable shrine. Densely wooded hills rose on every side. There was not a hut to be seen; scarcely a sound to be heard. It was an ideal place for practicing the mystic ceremonies of an ancient cult. The remarkable aspect of this great boulder and the dark pool beneath its

shadow had caused this to become a place of worship. Here, without doubt, was "the principal mochadero of those forested mountains." It is still venerated by the Indians of the vicinity. At last we had found the place where, in the days of Titu Cusi, the Inca priests faced the east, greeted the rising sun, "extended their hands toward it," and "threw kisses to it," "a ceremony of the most profound resignation and reverence." We may imagine the sun priests, clad in their resplendent robes of office, standing on the top of the rock at the edge of its steepest side, their faces lit up with the rosy light of the early morning, awaiting the moment when the Great Divinity should appear above the eastern hills and receive their adoration. As it rose they saluted it and cried: "O Sun! Thou who art in peace and safety, shine upon us, keep us from

sickness, and keep us in health  
and safety. O Sun! Thou who hast said  
let there be Cuzco and Tampu,  
grant that these children may conquer  
all other people. We beseech  
thee that thy children the Incas may be  
always conquerors, since it  
is for this that thou hast created them."

It was during Titu Cusi's reign that  
Friars Marcos and Diego marched  
over here with their converts from  
Puquiura, each carrying a stick of  
firewood. Calancha says the Indians  
worshiped the water as a divine  
thing, that the Devil had at times shown  
himself in the water. Since  
the surface of the little pool, as one  
gazes at it, does not reflect  
the sky, but only the overhanging, dark,  
mossy rock, the water looks  
black and forbidding, even to  
unsuperstitious Yankees. It is easy to  
believe that simple-minded Indian  
worshipers in this secluded spot



could readily believe that they actually saw the Devil appearing "as a visible manifestation" in the water. Indians came from the most sequestered villages of the dense forests to worship here and to offer gifts and sacrifices. Nevertheless, the Augustinian monks here raised the standard of the cross, recited their orisons, and piled firewood all about the rock and temple. Exorcising the Devil and calling him by all the vile names they could think of, the friars commanded him never to return. Setting fire to the pile, they burned up the temple, scorched the rock, making a powerful impression on the Indians and causing the poor Devil to flee, "roaring in a fury." "The cruel Devil never more returned to the rock nor to this district." Whether the roaring which they heard was that of the Devil or of the flames we can only conjecture. Whether the

conflagration temporarily dried up the swamp or interfered with the arrangements of the water supply so that the pool disappeared for the time being and gave the Devil no chance to appear in the water, where he had formerly been accustomed to show himself, is also a matter for speculation.

The buildings of the House of the Sun are in a very ruinous state, but the rock itself, with its curious carvings, is well preserved notwithstanding the great conflagration of 1570. Its length is fifty-two feet, its width thirty feet, and its height above the present level of the water, twenty-five feet. On the west side of the rock are seats and large steps or platforms. It was customary to kill llamas at these holy huacas. On top of the rock is a flattened place which may have been used for such sacrifices.

From it runs a little crack in the boulder, which has been artificially enlarged and may have been intended to carry off the blood of the victim killed on top of the rock. It is still used for occult ceremonies of obscure origin which are quietly practiced here by the more superstitious Indian women of the valley, possibly in memory of the ñusta or Inca princess for whom the shrine is named.

On the south side of the monolith are several large platforms and four or five small seats which have been cut in the rock. Great care was exercised in cutting out the platforms. The edges are very nearly square, level, and straight. The east side of the rock projects over the spring. Two seats have been carved immediately above the water. On the north side there are no seats. Near the water, steps

have been carved. There is one flight of three and another of seven steps. Above them the rock has been flattened artificially and carved into a very bold relief. There are ten projecting square stones, like those usually called intihuatana or "places to which the sun is tied." In one line are seven; one is slightly apart from the six others. The other three are arranged in a triangular position above the seven. It is significant that these stones are on the northeast face of the rock, where they are exposed to the rising sun and cause striking shadows at sunrise.

Our excavations yielded no artifacts whatever and only a handful of very rough old potsherds of uncertain origin. The running water under the rock was clear and appeared to be a spring, but when we drained the swamp which adjoins the great

rock on its northeastern side, we found that the spring was a little higher up the hill and that the water ran through the dark pool. We also found that what looked like a stone culvert on the borders of the little pool proved to be the top of the back of a row of seven or eight very fine stone seats. The platform on which the seats rested and the seats themselves are parts of three or four large rocks nicely fitted together. Some of the seats are under the black shadows of the overhanging rock. Since the pool was an object of fear and mystery the seats were probably used only by priests or sorcerers. It would have been a splendid place to practice divination. No doubt the devils "roared."

All our expeditions in the ancient province of Uilcapampa have failed to disclose the presence of any

other "white rock over a spring of water" surrounded by the ruins of a possible "House of the Sun." Consequently it seems reasonable to adopt the following conclusions: First, ñusta Isppana is the Yurak Rumi of Father Calancha. The Chuquipalta of to-day is the place to which he refers as Chuquipalpa. Second, Uiticos, "close to" this shrine, was once the name of the present valley of Vilcabamba between Tincochaca and Lucma. This is the "Viticos" of Cieza de Leon, a contemporary of Manco, who says that it was to the province of Viticos that Manco determined to retire when he rebelled against Pizarro, and that "having reached Viticos with a great quantity of treasure collected from various parts, together with his women and retinue, the king, Manco Inca, established himself in the strongest place he could find, whence he

sallied forth many times and in many directions and disturbed those parts which were quiet, to do what harm he could to the Spaniards, whom he considered as cruel enemies." Third, the "strongest place" of Cieza, the Guaynapucará of Garcia, was Rosaspata, referred to by Ocampo as "the fortress of Pitcos," where, he says, "there was a level space with majestic buildings," the most noteworthy feature of which was that they had two kinds of doors and both kinds had white stone lintels. Fourth, the modern village of Pucyura in the valley of the river Vilcabamba is the Puquiura of Father Calancha, the site of the first mission church in this region, as assumed by Raimondi, although he was disappointed in the insignificance of the "wretched little village." The remains of the old quartz-crushing plant in Tincochaca, which has already been noted, the

distance from the "House of the Sun," not too great for the religious procession, and the location of Pucyura near the fortress, all point to the correctness of this conclusion.

Finally, Calancha says that Friar Ortiz, after he had secured permission from Titu Cusi to establish the second missionary station in Uilcapampa, selected "the town of Huarancalla, which was populous and well located in the midst of a number of other little towns and villages. There was a distance of two or three days' journey from one convent to the other. Leaving Friar Marcos in Puquiura, Friar Diego went to his new establishment, and in a short time built a church." There is no "Huarancalla" today, nor any tradition of any, but in Mapillo, a pleasant valley at an elevation of about 10,000



feet, in the temperate zone where the crops with which the Incas were familiar might have been raised, near pastures where llamas and alpacas could have flourished, is a place called Huarancalque. The valley is populous and contains a number of little towns and villages. Furthermore, Huarancalque is two or three days' journey from Pucyura and is on the road which the Indians of this region now use in going to Ayacucho. This was undoubtedly the route used by Manco in his raids on Spanish caravans. The Mapillo flows into the Apurimac near the mouth of the river Pampas. Not far up the Pampas is the important bridge between Bom-bon and Ocos, which Mr. Hay and I crossed in 1909 on our way from Cuzco to Lima. The city of Ayacucho was founded by Pizarro, a day's journey from this bridge. The necessity for the Spanish caravans to cross the

river Pampas at this point made it easy for Manco's foraging expeditions to reach them by sudden marches from Uiticos down the Mapillo River by way of Huarancalque, which is probably the "Huarancalla" of Calancha's "Chronicles." He must have had rafts or canoes on which to cross the Apurimac, which is here very wide and deep. In the valleys between Huarancalque and Lucma, Manco was cut off from central Peru by the Apurimac and its magnificent canyon, which in many places has a depth of over two miles. He was cut off from Cuzco by the inhospitable snow fields and glaciers of Salcantay, Soray, and the adjacent ridges, even though they are only fifty miles from Cuzco. Frequently all the passes are completely snow-blocked. Fatalities have been known even in recent years. In this mountainous province Manco could be sure of finding

not only security from his Spanish enemies, but any climate that he desired and an abundance of food for his followers. There seems to be no reason to doubt that the retired region around the modern town of Pucyura in the upper Vilcabamba Valley was once called Uiticos.

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## **Of Husbands Who Are Unfaithful**

by Marguerite D'Angouleme

from *The Best of the World's Classics*,

*Restricted to Prose*, Vol. VII (of X)--

Continental Europe I (PG eBook 24563)

Born in France in 1492, died in 1549; sister of Francis I; married in 1509 Due d'Alençon, and later Henri d'Albret, King of Navarre; assumed the direction of government after the death of the King in 1554; wrote poems and letters, the latter published in 1841-42; her "Heptameron" modeled on the "Decameron" of Boccaccio, published in 1558 after her death, its authorship perhaps collaborative.

A little company of five ladies and five noble gentlemen have been interrupted in their travels by heavy rains and great floods, and find themselves together in a hospitable

abbey. They while away the time as best they can, and the second day Parlamente says to the old Lady Oisille, "Madame, I wonder that you who have so much experience do not think of some pastime to sweeten the gloom that our long delay here causes us." The other ladies echo her wishes, and all the gentlemen agree with them, and beg the Lady Oisille to be pleased to direct how they shall amuse themselves. She answers them:

[Footnote 10: From the "Heptameron," of which a translation by R. Codrington appeared in London in 1654.]

"My children, you ask of me something that I find very difficult,--to teach you a pastime that can deliver you from your sadness; for having sought some such remedy all my life I have never found but one--the

reading of Holy Writ; in which is found  
the true and perfect joy of  
the mind, from which proceed the  
comfort and health of the body. And  
if you ask me what keeps me so joyous  
and so healthy in my old age, it  
is that as soon as I rise I take and read  
the Holy Scriptures, seeing  
and contemplating the will of God, who  
for our sakes sent His son on  
earth to announce this holy word and  
good news, by which He promises  
remission of sins, satisfaction for all  
duties by the gifts He makes  
us of His love, passion and merits. This  
consideration gives me so  
much joy that I take my Psalter and as  
humbly as I can I sing with my  
heart and pronounce with my tongue  
the beautiful psalms and canticles  
that the Holy Spirit wrote in the heart of  
David and of other authors.  
And this contentment that I have in  
them does me so much good that the  
ills that every day may happen to me

seem to me to be blessings,  
seeing that I have in my heart, by faith,  
Him who has borne them for  
me. Likewise, before supper, I retire, to  
pasture my soul in reading;  
and then, in the evening, I call to mind  
what I have done in the past  
day, in order to ask pardon for my  
faults, and to thank Him for His  
kindnesses, and in His love, fear and  
peace I repose, assured against  
all ills. Wherefore, my children, this is  
the pastime in which I have  
long stayed my steps, after having  
searched all things, where I found  
no content for my spirit. It seems to me  
that if every morning you  
will give an hour to reading, and then,  
during mass, devoutly say your  
prayers, you will find in this desert the  
same beauty as in cities;  
for he who knows God, sees all  
beautiful things in Him, and without  
Him all is ugliness....

"I beg you, ladies," continues the narrator, "if God give you such husbands,[11] not to despair till you have long tried every means to reclaim them; for there are twenty-four hours in a day in which a man may change his way of thinking, and a woman should deem herself happier to have won her husband by patience and long effort than if fortune and her parents had given her a more perfect one." "Yes," said Oisille, "this is an example for all married women."--"Let her follow this example who will," said Parlamente: "but as for me, it would not be possible for me to have such long patience; for, however true it may be that in all estates patience is a fine virtue, it's my opinion that in marriage it brings about at last unfriendliness; because, suffering unkindness from a fellow being, one is forced to separate



from him as far as possible, and from this separation arises a contempt for the fault of the disloyal one, and in this contempt little by little love diminishes; for it is what is valued that is loved."--"But there is danger," said Ennarsuite, "that the impatient wife may find a furious husband, who would give her pain in lieu of patience."--"But what could a husband do," said Parlamente, "save what has been recounted in this story?"--"What could he do?" said Ennarsuite, "he could beat his wife."...

[Footnote 11: That is, unfaithful husbands.]

"I think," said Parlamente, "that a good woman would not be so grieved in being beaten out of anger, as in being contemptuously treated by a man who does not care for her, and after having endured the suffering

of the loss of his friendship, nothing the husband might do would cause her much concern. And besides, the story says that the trouble she took to draw him back to her was because of her love for her children, and I believe it."--"And do you think it was so very patient of her," said Nomerfide, "to set fire to the bed in which her husband was sleeping?"--"Yes," said Longarine, "for when she saw the smoke she awoke him; and that was just the thing where she was most in fault, for of such husbands as those the ashes are good to make lye for the washtub."--"You are cruel, Longarine," said Oisille, "and you did not live in such fashion with your husband."--"No," said Longarine, "for, God be thanked, he never gave me such occasion, but reason to regret him all my life, instead of to complain of him."--"And if he had treated you in this way," said

Nomerfide, "what would you have done?"--"I loved him so much," said Longarine, "that I think I should have killed him and then killed myself; for to die after such vengeance would be pleasanter to me than to live faithfully with a faithless husband."

"As far as I see," said Hircan, "you love your husbands only for yourselves. If they are good after your own heart, you love them well; if they commit toward you the least fault in the world, they have lost their week's work by a Saturday. The long and the short is that you want to be mistresses; for my part I am of your mind, provided all the husbands also agree to it."--"It is reasonable," said Parlamente, "that the man rule us as our head, but not that he desert us or ill-treat us."--"God," said Oisille, "has set in such due order the

man and the woman that if the marriage estate is not abused, I hold it to be one of the most beautiful and stable conditions in the World; and I am sure that all those here present, whatever air they assume, think no less highly of it. And forasmuch as men say they are wiser than women, they should be more sharply punished when the fault is on their side. But we have talked enough on this subject."

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**The Carpathia's Return to New York**  
from *The Loss of the SS. Titanic*, by  
Lawrence Beesley, PG eBook 6675

The journey of the Carpathia from the time she caught the "C.Q.D." from the Titanic at about 12.30 A.M. on Monday morning and turned swiftly about to her rescue, until she arrived at New York on the following Thursday at 8.30 P.M. was one that demanded of the captain, officers and crew of the vessel the most exact knowledge of navigation, the utmost vigilance in every department both before and after the rescue, and a capacity for organization that must sometimes have been taxed to the breaking point.

The extent to which all these qualities were found present and the manner in which they were exercised

stands to the everlasting credit of the Cunard Line and those of its servants who were in charge of the Carpathia. Captain Rostron's part in all this is a great one, and wrapped up though his action is in a modesty that is conspicuous in its nobility, it stands out even in his own account as a piece of work well and courageously done.

As soon as the Titanic called for help and gave her position, the Carpathia was turned and headed north: all hands were called on duty, a new watch of stokers was put on, and the highest speed of which she was capable was demanded of the engineers, with the result that the distance of fifty-eight miles between the two ships was covered in three and a half hours, a speed well beyond her normal capacity. The three doctors on board each took charge of a saloon, in readiness to

render help to any who needed their services, the stewards and catering staff were hard at work preparing hot drinks and meals, and the purser's staff ready with blankets and berths for the shipwrecked passengers as soon as they got on board. On deck the sailors got ready lifeboats, swung them out on the davits, and stood by, prepared to lower away their crews if necessary; fixed rope-ladders, cradle-chairs, nooses, and bags for the children at the hatches, to haul the rescued up the side. On the bridge was the captain with his officers, peering into the darkness eagerly to catch the first signs of the crippled Titanic, hoping, in spite of her last despairing message of "Sinking by the head," to find her still afloat when her position was reached. A double watch of lookout men was set, for there were other things as well as the Titanic to look for that night, and

soon they found them. As Captain Rostron said in his evidence, they saw icebergs on either side of them between 2.45 and 4 A.M., passing twenty large ones, one hundred to two hundred feet high, and many smaller ones, and "frequently had to manoeuvre the ship to avoid them." It was a time when every faculty was called upon for the highest use of which it was capable. With the knowledge before them that the enormous Titanic, the supposedly unsinkable ship, had struck ice and was sinking rapidly; with the lookout constantly calling to the bridge, as he must have done, "Icebergs on the starboard," "Icebergs on the port," it required courage and judgment beyond the ordinary to drive the ship ahead through that lane of icebergs and "manoeuvre round them." As he himself said, he "took the risk of full speed in his desire to save life, and



probably some people might blame him for taking such a risk." But the Senate Committee assured him that they, at any rate, would not, and we of the lifeboats have certainly no desire to do so.

The ship was finally stopped at 4 A.M., with an iceberg reported dead ahead (the same no doubt we had to row around in boat 13 as we approached the Carpathia), and about the same time the first lifeboat was sighted. Again she had to be manoeuvred round the iceberg to pick up the boat, which was the one in charge of Mr. Boxhall. From him the captain learned that the Titanic had gone down, and that he was too late to save any one but those in lifeboats, which he could now see drawing up from every part of the horizon. Meanwhile, the passengers of the Carpathia, some of them aroused by the unusual vibration of the

screw, some by sailors tramping overhead as they swung away the lifeboats and got ropes and lowering tackle ready, were beginning to come on deck just as day broke; and here an extraordinary sight met their eyes. As far as the eye could reach to the north and west lay an unbroken stretch of field ice, with icebergs still attached to the floe and rearing aloft their mass as a hill might suddenly rise from a level plain. Ahead and to the south and east huge floating monsters were showing up through the waning darkness, their number added to moment by moment as the dawn broke and flushed the horizon pink. It is remarkable how "busy" all those icebergs made the sea look: to have gone to bed with nothing but sea and sky and to come on deck to find so many objects in sight made quite a change in the character of the sea: it looked quite crowded; and a

lifeboat alongside and people  
clambering aboard, mostly women, in  
nightdresses and dressing-gowns,  
in cloaks and shawls, in anything but  
ordinary clothes! Out ahead and  
on all sides little torches glittered faintly  
for a few moments and  
then guttered out--and shouts and  
cheers floated across the quiet sea.  
It would be difficult to imagine a more  
unexpected sight than this  
that lay before the Carpathia's  
passengers as they lined the sides  
that morning in the early dawn.

No novelist would dare to picture such  
an array of beautiful climatic  
conditions,--the rosy dawn, the  
morning star, the moon on the horizon,  
the sea stretching in level beauty to the  
sky-line,--and on this sea  
to place an ice-field like the Arctic  
regions and icebergs in numbers  
everywhere,--white and turning pink  
and deadly cold,--and near them,

rowing round the icebergs to avoid them, little boats coming suddenly out of mid-ocean, with passengers rescued from the most wonderful ship the world has known. No artist would have conceived such a picture: it would have seemed so highly dramatic as to border on the impossible, and would not have been attempted. Such a combination of events would pass the limit permitted the imagination of both author and artist.

The passengers crowded the rails and looked down at us as we rowed up in the early morning; stood quietly aside while the crew at the gangways below took us aboard, and watched us as if the ship had been in dock and we had rowed up to join her in a somewhat unusual way. Some of them have related that we were very quiet as we came aboard: it is quite true, we were; but so were they. There was very little

excitement on either side: just the quiet demeanour of people who are in the presence of something too big as yet to lie within their mental grasp, and which they cannot yet discuss. And so they asked us politely to have hot coffee, which we did; and food, which we generally declined,--we were not hungry,--and they said very little at first about the lost Titanic and our adventures in the night.

Much that is exaggerated and false has been written about the mental condition of passengers as they came aboard: we have been described as being too dazed to understand what was happening, as being too overwhelmed to speak, and as looking before us with "set, staring gaze," "dazed with the shadow of the dread event." That is, no doubt, what most people would expect in the circumstances, but I know it does

not give a faithful record of how we did arrive: in fact it is simply not true. As remarked before, the one thing that matters in describing an event of this kind is the exact truth, as near as the fallible human mind can state it; and my own impression of our mental condition is that of supreme gratitude and relief at treading the firm decks of a ship again. I am aware that experiences differed considerably according to the boats occupied; that those who were uncertain of the fate of their relatives and friends had much to make them anxious and troubled; and that it is not possible to look into another person's consciousness and say what is written there; but dealing with mental conditions as far as they are delineated by facial and bodily expressions, I think joy, relief, gratitude were the dominant emotions written on the faces of those who

climbed the rope-ladders and were hauled up in cradles.

It must not be forgotten that no one in any one boat knew who were saved in other boats: few knew even how many boats there were and how many passengers could be saved. It was at the time probable that friends would follow them to the Carpathia, or be found on other steamers, or even on the pier at which we landed. The hysterical scenes that have been described are imaginative; true, one woman did fill the saloon with hysterical cries immediately after coming aboard, but she could not have known for a certainty that any of her friends were lost: probably the sense of relief after some hours of journeying about the sea was too much for her for a time.

One of the first things we did was to crowd round a steward with a bundle of telegraph forms. He was the bearer of the welcome news that passengers might send Marconigrams to their relatives free of charge, and soon he bore away the first sheaf of hastily scribbled messages to the operator; by the time the last boatload was aboard, the pile must have risen high in the Marconi cabin. We learned afterwards that many of these never reached their destination; and this is not a matter for surprise. There was only one operator--Cottam--on board, and although he was assisted to some extent later, when Bride from the Titanic had recovered from his injuries sufficiently to work the apparatus, he had so much to do that he fell asleep over this work on Tuesday night after three days' continuous duty without rest. But we did not know



the messages were held back, and imagined our friends were aware of our safety; then, too, a roll-call of the rescued was held in the Carpathia's saloon on the Monday, and this was Marconied to land in advance of all messages. It seemed certain, then, that friends at home would have all anxiety removed, but there were mistakes in the official list first telegraphed. The experience of my own friends illustrates this: the Marconigram I wrote never got through to England; nor was my name ever mentioned in any list of the saved (even a week after landing in New York, I saw it in a black-edged "final" list of the missing), and it seemed certain that I had never reached the Carpathia; so much so that, as I write, there are before me obituary notices from the English papers giving a short sketch of my

life in England. After landing in New York and realizing from the lists of the saved which a reporter showed me that my friends had no news since the Titanic sank on Monday morning until that night (Thursday 9 P.M.), I cabled to England at once (as I had but two shillings rescued from the Titanic, the White Star Line paid for the cables), but the messages were not delivered until 8.20 A.M. next morning. At 9 A.M. my friends read in the papers a short account of the disaster which I had supplied to the press, so that they knew of my safety and experiences in the wreck almost at the same time. I am grateful to remember that many of my friends in London refused to count me among the missing during the three days when I was so reported.

There is another side to this record of how the news came through, and a sad one, indeed. Again I wish it were not necessary to tell such things, but since they all bear on the equipment of the trans-Atlantic lines--powerful Marconi apparatus, relays of operators, etc.,--it is best they should be told. The name of an American gentleman--the same who sat near me in the library on Sunday afternoon and whom I identified later from a photograph--was consistently reported in the lists as saved and aboard the Carpathia: his son journeyed to New York to meet him, rejoicing at his deliverance, and never found him there.

When I met his family some days later and was able to give them some details of his life aboard ship, it seemed almost cruel to tell them of the opposite experience that had

befallen my friends at home.

Returning to the journey of the Carpathia--the last boatload of passengers was taken aboard at 8.30 A.M., the lifeboats were hauled on deck while the collapsibles were abandoned, and the Carpathia proceeded to steam round the scene of the wreck in the hope of picking up anyone floating on wreckage. Before doing so the captain arranged in the saloon a service over the spot where the Titanic sank, as nearly as could be calculated,--a service, as he said, of respect to those who were lost and of gratitude for those who were saved.

She cruised round and round the scene, but found nothing to indicate there was any hope of picking up more passengers; and as the Californian had now arrived, followed shortly afterwards by the Birma,

a Russian tramp steamer, Captain Rostron decided to leave any further search to them and to make all speed with the rescued to land. As we moved round, there was surprisingly little wreckage to be seen: wooden deck-chairs and small pieces of other wood, but nothing of any size. But covering the sea in huge patches was a mass of reddish-yellow "seaweed," as we called it for want of a name. It was said to be cork, but I never heard definitely its correct description.

The problem of where to land us had next to be decided. The Carpathia was bound for Gibraltar, and the captain might continue his journey there, landing us at the Azores on the way; but he would require more linen and provisions, the passengers were mostly women and children, ill-clad, dishevelled, and in need of many attentions he could not

give them. Then, too, he would soon be out of the range of wireless communication, with the weak apparatus his ship had, and he soon decided against that course. Halifax was the nearest in point of distance, but this meant steaming north through the ice, and he thought his passengers did not want to see more ice. He headed back therefore to New York, which he had left the previous Thursday, working all afternoon along the edge of the ice-field which stretched away north as far as the unaided eye could reach. I have wondered since if we could possibly have landed our passengers on this ice-floe from the lifeboats and gone back to pick up those swimming, had we known it was there; I should think it quite feasible to have done so. It was certainly an extraordinary sight to stand on deck and see the sea covered with solid ice, white and

dazzling in the sun and dotted here and there with icebergs. We ran close up, only two or three hundred yards away, and steamed parallel to the floe, until it ended towards night and we saw to our infinite satisfaction the last of the icebergs and the field fading away astern. Many of the rescued have no wish ever to see an iceberg again. We learnt afterwards the field was nearly seventy miles long and twelve miles wide, and had lain between us and the Birma on her way to the rescue. Mr. Boxhall testified that he had crossed the Grand Banks many times, but had never seen field-ice before. The testimony of the captains and officers of other steamers in the neighbourhood is of the same kind: they had "never seen so many icebergs this time of the year," or "never seen such dangerous ice floes and threatening bergs." Undoubtedly the Titanic

was faced that night with unusual and unexpected conditions of ice: the captain knew not the extent of these conditions, but he knew somewhat of their existence. Alas, that he heeded not their warning!

During the day, the bodies of eight of the crew were committed to the deep: four of them had been taken out of the boats dead and four died during the day. The engines were stopped and all passengers on deck bared their heads while a short service was read; when it was over the ship steamed on again to carry the living back to land.

The passengers on the Carpathia were by now hard at work finding clothing for the survivors: the barber's shop was raided for ties, collars, hair-pins, combs, etc., of which it happened there was a large stock in hand; one good



Samaritan went round the ship with a box of tooth-brushes offering them indiscriminately to all. In some cases, clothing could not be found for the ladies and they spent the rest of the time on board in their dressing-gowns and cloaks in which they came away from the Titanic. They even slept in them, for, in the absence of berths, women had to sleep on the floor of the saloons and in the library each night on straw \_paillasses\_, and here it was not possible to undress properly. The men were given the smoking-room floor and a supply of blankets, but the room was small, and some elected to sleep out on deck. I found a pile of towels on the bathroom floor ready for next morning's baths, and made up a very comfortable bed on these. Later I was waked in the middle of the night by a man offering me a berth in his four-berth

cabin: another occupant was unable to leave his berth for physical reasons, and so the cabin could not be given up to ladies.

On Tuesday the survivors met in the saloon and formed a committee among themselves to collect subscriptions for a general fund, out of which it was resolved by vote to provide as far as possible for the destitute among the steerage passengers, to present a loving cup to Captain Rostron and medals to the officers and crew of the Carpathia, and to divide any surplus among the crew of the Titanic. The work of this committee is not yet (June 1st) at an end, but all the resolutions except the last one have been acted upon, and that is now receiving the attention of the committee. The presentations to the captain and crew were made the day the Carpathia returned to New York

from her Mediterranean trip, and it is a pleasure to all the survivors to know that the United States Senate has recognized the service rendered to humanity by the Carpathia and has voted Captain Rostron a gold medal commemorative of the rescue. On the afternoon of Tuesday, I visited the steerage in company with a fellow-passenger, to take down the names of all who were saved. We grouped them into nationalities,--English Irish, and Swedish mostly,--and learnt from them their names and homes, the amount of money they possessed, and whether they had friends in America. The Irish girls almost universally had no money rescued from the wreck, and were going to friends in New York or places near, while the Swedish passengers, among whom were a considerable number of men, had saved the greater part of their money and in addition had

railway tickets through to their destinations inland. The saving of their money marked a curious racial difference, for which I can offer no explanation: no doubt the Irish girls never had very much but they must have had the necessary amount fixed by the immigration laws. There were some pitiful cases of women with children and the husband lost; some with one or two children saved and the others lost; in one case, a whole family was missing, and only a friend left to tell of them. Among the Irish group was one girl of really remarkable beauty, black hair and deep violet eyes with long lashes, and perfectly shaped features, and quite young, not more than eighteen or twenty; I think she lost no relatives on the Titanic.

The following letter to the London "Times" is reproduced here to show

something of what our feeling was on board the Carpathia towards the loss of the Titanic. It was written soon after we had the definite information on the Wednesday that ice warnings had been sent to the Titanic, and when we all felt that something must be done to awaken public opinion to safeguard ocean travel in the future. We were not aware, of course, how much the outside world knew, and it seemed well to do something to inform the English public of what had happened at as early an opportunity as possible. I have not had occasion to change any of the opinions expressed in this letter.

SIR:--

*As one of few surviving Englishmen from the steamship Titanic, which sank in mid-Atlantic on Monday morning last, I am asking you to lay*

*before your readers a few facts concerning the disaster, in the hope that something may be done in the near future to ensure the safety of that portion of the travelling public who use the Atlantic highway for business or pleasure.*

*I wish to dissociate myself entirely from any report that would seek to fix the responsibility on any person or persons or body of people, and by simply calling attention to matters of fact the authenticity of which is, I think, beyond question and can be established in any Court of Inquiry, to allow your readers to draw their own conclusions as to the responsibility for the collision.*

*First, that it was known to those in charge of the Titanic that we were in the iceberg region; that the atmospheric and temperature conditions suggested the near*

*presence of icebergs; that a wireless message was received from a ship ahead of us warning us that they had been seen in the locality of which latitude and longitude were given.*

*Second, that at the time of the collision the Titanic was running at a high rate of speed.*

*Third, that the accommodation for saving passengers and crew was totally inadequate, being sufficient only for a total of about 950.*

*This gave, with the highest possible complement of 3400, a less than one in three chance of being saved in the case of accident.*

*Fourth, that the number landed in the Carpathia, approximately 700, is a high percentage of the possible 950, and bears excellent testimony to the courage, resource, and devotion to duty of the officers and*

*crew of the vessel; many instances of their nobility and personal self-sacrifice are within our possession, and we know that they did all they could do with the means at their disposal.*

*Fifth, that the practice of running mail and passenger vessels through fog and iceberg regions at a high speed is a common one; they are timed to run almost as an express train is run, and they cannot, therefore, slow down more than a few knots in time of possible danger.*

*I have neither knowledge nor experience to say what remedies I consider should be applied; but, perhaps, the following suggestions may serve as a help:--*

*First, that no vessel should be allowed to leave a British port without sufficient boat and other*



*accommodation to allow each passenger and member of the crew a seat; and that at the time of booking this fact should be pointed out to a passenger, and the number of the seat in the particular boat allotted to him then.*

*Second, that as soon as is practicable after sailing each passenger should go through boat drill in company with the crew assigned to his boat.*

*Third, that each passenger boat engaged in the Transatlantic service should be instructed to slow down to a few knots when in the iceberg region, and should be fitted with an efficient searchlight.*

*Yours faithfully,*

**LAWRENCE BEESLEY.**

It seemed well, too, while on the Carpathia to prepare as accurate an account as possible of the disaster and to have this ready for the press, in order to calm public opinion and to forestall the incorrect and hysterical accounts which some American reporters are in the habit of preparing on occasions of this kind. The first impression is often the most permanent, and in a disaster of this magnitude, where exact and accurate information is so necessary, preparation of a report was essential. It was written in odd corners of the deck and saloon of the Carpathia, and fell, it seemed very happily, into the hands of the one reporter who could best deal with it, the Associated Press. I understand it was the first report that came through and had a good deal of the effect intended.

The Carpathia returned to New York in almost every kind of climatic conditions: icebergs, ice-fields and bitter cold to commence with; brilliant warm sun, thunder and lightning in the middle of one night (and so closely did the peal follow the flash that women in the saloon leaped up in alarm saying rockets were being sent up again); cold winds most of the time; fogs every morning and during a good part of one day, with the foghorn blowing constantly; rain; choppy sea with the spray blowing overboard and coming in through the saloon windows; we said we had almost everything but hot weather and stormy seas. So that when we were told that Nantucket Lightship had been sighted on Thursday morning from the bridge, a great sigh of relief went round to think New York and land would be reached before next morning.

There is no doubt that a good many felt the waiting period of those four days very trying: the ship crowded far beyond its limits of comfort, the want of necessities of clothing and toilet, and above all the anticipation of meeting with relatives on the pier, with, in many cases, the knowledge that other friends were left behind and would not return home again. A few looked forward to meeting on the pier their friends to whom they had said au revoir on the Titanic's deck, brought there by a faster boat, they said, or at any rate to hear that they were following behind us in another boat: a very few, indeed, for the thought of the icy water and the many hours' immersion seemed to weigh against such a possibility; but we encouraged them to hope the Californian and the Birma had picked some up; stranger things have happened, and we had all been

through strange experiences. But in the midst of this rather tense feeling, one fact stands out as remarkable--no one was ill. Captain Rostron testified that on Tuesday the doctor reported a clean bill of health, except for frost-bites and shaken nerves. There were none of the illnesses supposed to follow from exposure for hours in the cold night--and, it must be remembered, a considerable number swam about for some time when the Titanic sank, and then either sat for hours in their wet things or lay flat on an upturned boat with the sea water washing partly over them until they were taken off in a lifeboat; no scenes of women weeping and brooding over their losses hour by hour until they were driven mad with grief--yet all this has been reported to the press by people on board the Carpathia. These women met their sorrow with the sublimest

courage, came on deck and talked with their fellow-men and women face to face, and in the midst of their loss did not forget to rejoice with those who had joined their friends on the Carpathia's deck or come with them in a boat. There was no need for those ashore to call the Carpathia a "death-ship," or to send coroners and coffins to the pier to meet her: her passengers were generally in good health and they did not pretend they were not.

Presently land came in sight, and very good it was to see it again: it was eight days since we left Southampton, but the time seemed to have "stretched out to the crack of doom," and to have become eight weeks instead. So many dramatic incidents had been crowded into the last few days that the first four peaceful, uneventful days, marked by nothing

that seared the memory, had faded almost out of recollection. It needed an effort to return to Southampton, Cherbourg and Queenstown, as though returning to some event of last year. I think we all realized that time may be measured more by events than by seconds and minutes: what the astronomer would call "2.20 A.M. April 15th, 1912," the survivors called "the sinking of the Titanic"; the "hours" that followed were designated "being adrift in an open sea," and "4.30 A.M." was "being rescued by the Carpathia." The clock was a mental one, and the hours, minutes and seconds marked deeply on its face were emotions, strong and silent.

Surrounded by tugs of every kind, from which (as well as from every available building near the river) magnesium bombs were shot off by

photographers, while reporters shouted for news of the disaster and photographs of passengers, the Carpathia drew slowly to her station at the Cunard pier, the gangways were pushed across, and we set foot at last on American soil, very thankful, grateful people.

The mental and physical condition of the rescued as they came ashore has, here again, been greatly exaggerated--one description says we were "half-fainting, half-hysterical, bordering on hallucination, only now beginning to realize the horror." It is unfortunate such pictures should be presented to the world. There were some painful scenes of meeting between relatives of those who were lost, but once again women showed their self-control and went through the ordeal in most cases with extraordinary calm. It is well to record that the same account



added: "A few, strangely enough, are calm and lucid"; if for "few" we read "a large majority," it will be much nearer the true description of the landing on the Cunard pier in New York. There seems to be no adequate reason why a report of such a scene should depict mainly the sorrow and grief, should seek for every detail to satisfy the horrible and the morbid in the human mind. The first questions the excited crowds of reporters asked as they crowded round were whether it was true that officers shot passengers, and then themselves; whether passengers shot each other; whether any scenes of horror had been noticed, and what they were.

It would have been well to have noticed the wonderful state of health of most of the rescued, their gratitude for their deliverance, the thousand and one things that gave

cause for rejoicing. In the midst of so much description of the hysterical side of the scene, place should be found for the normal--and I venture to think the normal was the dominant feature in the landing that night. In the last chapter I shall try to record the persistence of the normal all through the disaster. Nothing has been a greater surprise than to find people that do not act in conditions of danger and grief as they would be generally supposed to act--and, I must add, as they are generally described as acting.

And so, with her work of rescue well done, the good ship Carpathia returned to New York. Everyone who came in her, everyone on the dock, and everyone who heard of her journey will agree with Captain Rostron when he says: "I thank God that I was within wireless hailing

distance, and that I got there in time to pick up the survivors of the wreck."

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## **In The Twilight of the Gods**

by Lafcadio Hearn,

from *Kokoro-Japanese Inner Life Hints*,

PG eBook 8882

"Do you know anything about josses?"

"Josses?"

"Yes; idols, Japanese idols,--josses."

"Something," I answered, "but not very much."

"Well, come, and look at my collection, won't you? I've been collecting josses for twenty years, and I've got some worth seeing. They're not for sale, though,--except to the British Museum."

I followed the curio dealer through the bric-a-brac of his shop, and across a paved yard into an

unusually large go-down(1). Like all go-downs it was dark: I could barely discern a stairway sloping up through gloom. He paused at the foot.

"You'll be able to see better in a moment," he said. "I had this place built expressly for them; but now it is scarcely big enough. They're all in the second story. Go right up; only be careful,--the steps are bad."

I climbed, and reached a sort of gloaming, under a very high roof, and found myself face to face with the gods.

In the dusk of the great go-down the spectacle was more than weird: it was apparitional. Arhats and Buddhas and Bodhisattvas, and the shapes of a mythology older than they, filled all the

shadowy space; not ranked by  
hierarchies, as in a temple, but  
mingled without order, as in a silent  
panic. Out of the  
wilderness of multiple heads and  
broken aureoles and hands  
uplifted in menace or in prayer,--a  
shimmering confusion of dusty  
gold half lighted by cobwebbed air-  
holes in the heavy walls,--I  
could at first discern little; then, as the  
dimness cleared, I  
began to distinguish personalities. I  
saw Kwannon, of many forms;  
Jizo, of many names; Shaka, Yakushi,  
Amida, the Buddhas and their  
disciples. They were very old; and their  
art was not all of  
Japan, nor of any one place or time:  
there were shapes from  
Korea, China, India,--treasures brought  
over sea in the rich days  
of the early Buddhist missions. Some  
were seated upon  
lotos-flowers, the lotos-flowers of the

Apparitional Birth. Some  
rode leopards, tigers, lions, or  
monsters mystical,--typifying  
lightning, typifying death. One, triple-  
headed and many-handed,  
sinister and splendid, seemed moving  
through the gloom on a  
throne of gold, uplifted by a phalanx of  
elephants. Fudo I saw,  
shrouded and shrined in fire, and  
Maya-Fujin, riding her  
celestial peacock; and strangely  
mingling with these Buddhist  
visions, as in the anachronism of a  
Limbo, armored effigies of  
Daimyo and images of the Chinese  
sages. There were huge forms of  
wrath, grasping thunderbolts, and  
rising to the roof: the  
Deva-kings, like impersonations of  
hurricane power; the Ni-O,  
guardians of long-vanished temple  
gates. Also there were forms  
voluptuously feminine: the light grace  
of the limbs folded within

their lotos-cups, the suppleness of the fingers numbering the numbers of the Good Law, were ideals possibly inspired in some forgotten tune by the charm of an Indian dancing-girl. Shelved against the naked brickwork above, I could perceive multitudes of lesser shapes: demon figures with eyes that burned through the dark like the eyes of a black cat, and figures half man, half bird, winged and beaked like eagles,-- the \_Tengu\_ of Japanese fancy.

"Well?" queried the curio dealer, with a chuckle of satisfaction at my evident surprise.

"It is a very great collection," I responded.

He clapped his hand on my shoulder, and exclaimed triumphantly in



my ear, "Cost me fifty thousand dollars."

But the images themselves told me how much more was their cost to forgotten piety, notwithstanding the cheapness of artistic labor in the East. Also they told me of the dead millions whose pilgrim feet had worn hollow the steps leading to their shrines, of the buried mothers who used to suspend little baby-dresses before their altars, of the generations of children taught to murmur prayers to them, of the countless sorrows and hopes confided to them. Ghosts of the worship of centuries had followed them into exile; a thin, sweet odor of incense haunted the dusty place.

"What would you call that?" asked the voice of the curio dealer.

"I've been told it's the best of the lot."

He pointed to a figure resting upon a  
triple golden  
lotos,--Avalokitesvara: she "\_who  
looketh down above the sound of  
prayer."... Storms and hate give way to  
her name. Fire  
is quenched by her name. Demons  
vanish at the sound of her name.  
By her name one may stand firm in the  
sky, like a sun....\_  
The delicacy of the limbs, the  
tenderness of the smile, were  
dreams of the Indian paradise.

"It is a Kwannon," I made reply, "and  
very beautiful."

"Somebody will have to pay me a very  
beautiful price for it," he  
said, with a shrewd wink. "It cost me  
enough! As a rule, though,  
I get these things pretty cheap. There  
are few people who care to  
buy them, and they have to be sold

privately, you know: that gives me an advantage. See that Jizo in the corner,--the big black fellow? What is it?"

"Emmei-Jizo," I answered,--"Jizo, the giver of long life. It must be very old."

"Well," he said, again taking me by the shoulder, "the man from whom I got that piece was put in prison for selling it to me."

Then he burst into a hearty laugh,--whether at the recollection of his own cleverness in the transaction, or at the unfortunate simplicity of the person who had sold the statue contrary to law, I could not decide.

"Afterwards," he resumed, "they wanted to get it back again, and offered me more, than I had given for

it. But I held on. I don't know everything about josses, but I do know what they are worth. There isn't another idol like that in the whole country. The British Museum will be glad to get it."

"When do you intend to offer the collection to the British Museum?" I presumed to ask.

"Well, I first want to get up a show," he replied. "There's money to be made by a show of josses in London. London people never saw anything like this in their lives. Then the church folks help that sort of a show, if you manage them properly: it advertises the missions. 'Heathen idols from Japan!'... How do you like the baby?"

I was looking at a small gold-colored image of a naked child,

standing, one tiny hand pointing  
upward, and the other downward,  
--representing the Buddha newly born.  
\_Sparkling with light he  
came from the womb, as when the Sun  
first rises in the east....  
Upright he took deliberately seven  
steps; and the prints of his  
feet upon the ground remained burning  
as seven stars. And he  
spoke with clearest utterance, saying,  
"This birth is a Buddha  
birth. Re-birth is not for me. Only this  
last time am I born for  
the salvation of all on earth and in  
heaven.\_"

"That is what they call a Tanjo-Shaka,"  
I said. "It looks like  
bronze."

"Bronze it is," he responded, tapping it  
with his knuckles to  
make the metal ring. "The bronze alone  
is worth more than the

price I paid."

I looked at the four Devas whose heads almost touched the roof, and thought of the story of their apparition told in the Mahavagga. \_On a beautiful night the Four Great Kings entered the holy grove, filling all the place with light; and having respectfully saluted the Blessed One, they stood in the four directions, like four great firebrands\_.

"How did you ever manage to get those big figures upstairs?" I asked.

"Oh, hauled them up! We've got a hatchway. The real trouble was getting them here by train. It was the first railroad trip they ever made.... But look at these here: they will make the sensation of the show!"

I looked, and saw two small wooden images, about three feet high.

"Why do you think they will make a sensation?" I inquired innocently.

"Don't you see what they are? They date from the time of the persecutions. \_Japanese devils trampling on the Cross!\_"

They were small temple guardians only; but their feet rested upon X-shaped supports.

"Did any person tell you these were devils trampling on the cross?" I made bold to ask.

"What else are they doing?" he answered evasively. "Look at the crosses under their feet!"

"But they are not devils," I insisted;  
"and those cross-pieces  
were put under their feet simply to give  
equilibrium."

He said nothing, but looked  
disappointed; and I felt a little  
sorry for him. \_Devils trampling on the  
Cross\_, as a display line  
in some London poster announcing the  
arrival of "josses from  
Japan," might certainly have been  
relied on to catch the public  
eye.

"This is more wonderful," I said,  
pointing to a beautiful group,  
--Maya with the infant Buddha issuing  
from her side, according to  
tradition. \_Painlessly the Bodhisattva  
was born from her right  
side. It was the eighth day of the fourth  
moon\_.

"That's bronze, too," he remarked,



tapping it. "Bronze josses are getting rare. We used to buy them up and sell them for old metal. Wish I'd kept some of them! You ought to have seen the bronzes, in those days, coming in from the temples,--bells and vases and josses! That was the time we tried to buy the Daibutsu at Kamakura."

"For old bronze?" I queried.

"Yes. We calculated the weight of the metal, and formed a syndicate. Our first offer was thirty thousand. We could have made a big profit, for there's a good deal of gold and silver in that work. The priests wanted to sell, but the people wouldn't let them."

"It's one of the world's wonders," I said.  
"Would you really have

broken it up?"

"Certainly. Why not? What else could you do with it?... That one there looks just like a Virgin Mary, doesn't it?"

He pointed to the gilded image of a female clasping a child to her breast.

"Yes," I replied; "but it is Kishibojin, the goddess who loves little children."

"People talk about idolatry," he went on musingly. "I've seen things like many of these in Roman Catholic chapels. Seems to me religion is pretty much the same the world over."

"I think you are right," I said.

"Why, the story of Buddha is like the

story of Christ, isn't it?"

"To some degree," I assented.

"Only, he wasn't crucified."

I did not answer; thinking of the text,  
\_In all the world there  
is not one spot even so large as a  
mustard-seed where he has not  
surrendered his body for the sake of  
creatures\_. Then it suddenly  
seemed to me that this was absolutely  
true. For the Buddha of the  
deeper Buddhism is not Gautama, nor  
yet any one Tathagata, but  
simply the divine in man. Chrysalides  
of the infinite we all are:  
each contains a ghostly Buddha, and  
the millions are but one. All  
humanity is potentially the Buddha-to-  
come, dreaming through the  
ages in Illusion; and the teacher's smile  
will make beautiful the  
world again when selfishness shall die.

Every noble sacrifice  
brings nearer the hour of his  
awakening; and who may justly  
doubt--remembering the myriads of the  
centuries of man--that even  
now there does not remain one place  
on earth where life has not  
been freely given for love or duty?

I felt the curio dealer's hand on my  
shoulder again.

"At all events," he cried in a cheery  
tone, "they'll be  
appreciated in the British Museum--  
eh?"

"I hope so. They ought to be."

Then I fancied them immured  
somewhere in that vast necropolis of  
dead gods, under the gloom of a pea-  
soup-fog, chambered with  
forgotten divinities of Egypt or Babylon,

and trembling faintly  
at the roar of London,--all to what end?  
Perhaps to aid another  
Alma Tadema to paint the beauty of  
another vanished civilization;  
perhaps to assist the illustration of an  
English Dictionary of  
Buddhism; perhaps to inspire some  
future laureate with a metaphor  
startling as Tennyson's figure of the  
"oiled and curled Assyrian  
bull." Assuredly they would not be  
preserved in vain. The  
thinkers of a less conventional and  
selfish era would teach new  
reverence for them. Each eidolon  
shaped by human faith remains  
the shell of a truth eternally divine, and  
even the shell itself  
may hold a ghostly power. The soft  
serenity, the passionless  
tenderness, of these Buddha faces  
might yet give peace of soul to  
a West weary of creeds transformed  
into conventions, eager for

the coming of another teacher to proclaim, "I have the same feeling for the high as for the low, for the moral as for the immoral, for the depraved as for the virtuous, for those holding sectarian views and false opinions as for those whose beliefs are good and true."

(1) A name given to fireproof storehouses in the open ports of the Far East. The word is derived from the Malay gadong.

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## **Examination of the Old Testament**

by Thomas Paine, from

*The Writings of Thomas Paine, Volume IV 1794-1796* PG eBook 3743

THESE books, beginning with Genesis and ending with Revelations, (which, by the bye, is a book of riddles that requires a revelation to explain it) are, we are told, the word of God. It is, therefore, proper for us to know who told us so, that we may know what credit to give to the report. The answer to this question is, that nobody can tell, except that we tell one another so. The case, however, historically appears to be as follows:

When the church mythologists established their system, they collected all the writings they could find, and managed them as they pleased. It is a matter altogether of uncertainty to us whether such of the writings

as now appear under the name of the Old and the New Testament, are in the same state in which those collectors say they found them; or whether they added, altered, abridged, or dressed them up.

Be this as it may, they decided by vote which of the books out of the collection they had made, should be the WORD OF GOD, and which should not. They rejected several; they voted others to be doubtful, such as the books called the Apocrypha; and those books which had a majority of votes, were voted to be the word of God. Had they voted otherwise, all the people since calling themselves Christians had believed otherwise; for the belief of the one comes from the vote of the other. Who the people were that did all this, we know nothing of. They call themselves by the general name of the Church;



and this is all we know of the matter.

As we have no other external evidence or authority for believing these books to be the word of God, than what I have mentioned, which is no evidence or authority at all, I come, in the next place, to examine the internal evidence contained in the books themselves.

In the former part of this essay, I have spoken of revelation. I now proceed further with that subject, for the purpose of applying it to the books in question.

Revelation is a communication of something, which the person, to whom that thing is revealed, did not know before. For if I have done a thing, or seen it done, it needs no revelation to tell me I have done it, or seen it, nor to enable me to tell it, or to

write it.

Revelation, therefore, cannot be applied to anything done upon earth of which man is himself the actor or the witness; and consequently all the historical and anecdotal part of the Bible, which is almost the whole of it, is not within the meaning and compass of the word revelation, and, therefore, is not the word of God.

When Samson ran off with the gate-posts of Gaza, if he ever did so, (and whether he did or not is nothing to us,) or when he visited his Delilah, or caught his foxes, or did anything else, what has revelation to do with these things? If they were facts, he could tell them himself; or his secretary, if he kept one, could write them, if they were worth either telling or writing; and if they were fictions, revelation could not make them true; and whether true

or not, we are neither the better nor the wiser for knowing them. When we contemplate the immensity of that Being, who directs and governs the incomprehensible WHOLE, of which the utmost ken of human sight can discover but a part, we ought to feel shame at calling such paltry stories the word of God.

As to the account of the creation, with which the book of Genesis opens, it has all the appearance of being a tradition which the Israelites had among them before they came into Egypt; and after their departure from that country, they put it at the head of their history, without telling, as it is most probable that they did not know, how they came by it. The manner in which the account opens, shows it to be traditional. It begins abruptly. It is nobody that speaks. It is nobody that hears. It

is addressed to nobody. It has neither first, second, nor third person. It has every criterion of being a tradition. It has no voucher. Moses does not take it upon himself by introducing it with the formality that he uses on other occasions, such as that of saying, "The Lords spake unto Moses, saying."

Why it has been called the Mosaic account of the creation, I am at a loss to conceive. Moses, I believe, was too good a judge of such subjects to put his name to that account. He had been educated among the Egyptians, who were a people as well skilled in science, and particularly in astronomy, as any people of their day; and the silence and caution that Moses observes, in not authenticating the account, is a good negative evidence that he neither told it nor believed it.--The

case is, that every nation of people has been world-makers, and the Israelites had as much right to set up the trade of world-making as any of the rest; and as Moses was not an Israelite, he might not chose to contradict the tradition. The account, however, is harmless; and this is more than can be said for many other parts of the Bible.

Whenever we read the obscene stories, the voluptuous debaucheries, the cruel and torturous executions, the unrelenting vindictiveness, with which more than half the Bible [NOTE: It must be borne in mind that by the "Bible" Paine always means the Old Testament alone.--Editor.] is filled, it would be more consistent that we called it the word of a demon, than the Word of God. It is a history of wickedness, that has served to corrupt and brutalize

mankind; and, for my own part, I sincerely detest it, as I detest everything that is cruel.

We scarcely meet with anything, a few phrases excepted, but what deserves either our abhorrence or our contempt, till we come to the miscellaneous parts of the Bible. In the anonymous publications, the Psalms, and the Book of Job, more particularly in the latter, we find a great deal of elevated sentiment reverentially expressed of the power and benignity of the Almighty; but they stand on no higher rank than many other compositions on similar subjects, as well before that time as since.

The Proverbs which are said to be Solomon's, though most probably a collection, (because they discover a knowledge of life, which his situation excluded him from knowing)

are an instructive table of ethics. They are inferior in keenness to the proverbs of the Spaniards, and not more wise and oeconomical than those of the American Franklin.

All the remaining parts of the Bible, generally known by the name of the Prophets, are the works of the Jewish poets and itinerant preachers, who mixed poetry, anecdote, and devotion together--and those works still retain the air and style of poetry, though in translation. [NOTE: As there are many readers who do not see that a composition is poetry, unless it be in rhyme, it is for their information that I add this note.

Poetry consists principally in two things--imagery and composition. The composition of poetry differs from that of prose in the manner of mixing long and short syllables together. Take a long syllable out of a line

of poetry, and put a short one in the room of it, or put a long syllable where a short one should be, and that line will lose its poetical harmony. It will have an effect upon the line like that of misplacing a note in a song.

The imagery in those books called the Prophets appertains altogether to poetry. It is fictitious, and often extravagant, and not admissible in any other kind of writing than poetry.

To show that these writings are composed in poetical numbers, I will take ten syllables, as they stand in the book, and make a line of the same number of syllables, (heroic measure) that shall rhyme with the last word. It will then be seen that the composition of those books is poetical measure. The instance I shall first produce is from Isaiah:--



"Hear, O ye heavens, and give ear, O earth

'T is God himself that calls attention forth.

Another instance I shall quote is from the mournful Jeremiah, to which I shall add two other lines, for the purpose of carrying out the figure, and showing the intention of the poet.

"O, that mine head were waters and mine eyes

Were fountains flowing like the liquid skies;

Then would I give the mighty flood release

And weep a deluge for the human race."--Author.]

There is not, throughout the whole book called the Bible, any word that describes to us what we call a poet, nor any word that describes what we call poetry. The case is, that the word

prophet, to which a later times have affixed a new idea, was the Bible word for poet, and the word 'propesying' meant the art of making poetry. It also meant the art of playing poetry to a tune upon any instrument of music.

We read of prophesying with pipes, tabrets, and horns--of prophesying with harps, with psalteries, with cymbals, and with every other instrument of music then in fashion. Were we now to speak of prophesying with a fiddle, or with a pipe and tabor, the expression would have no meaning, or would appear ridiculous, and to some people contemptuous, because we have changed the meaning of the word.

We are told of Saul being among the prophets, and also that he prophesied; but we are not told what they prophesied, nor what he

prophesied. The case is, there was nothing to tell; for these prophets were a company of musicians and poets, and Saul joined in the concert, and this was called prophesying.

The account given of this affair in the book called Samuel, is, that Saul met a company of prophets; a whole company of them! coming down with a psaltery, a tabret, a pipe, and a harp, and that they prophesied, and that he prophesied with them. But it appears afterwards, that Saul prophesied badly, that is, he performed his part badly; for it is said that an "evil spirit from God [NOTE: As thos; men who call themselves divines and commentators are very fond of puzzling one another, I leave them to contest the meaning of the first part of the phrase, that of an evil spirit of God. I keep to my text. I keep to the meaning of the word prophesy.--Author.] came upon Saul,

and he prophesied."

Now, were there no other passage in the book called the Bible, than this, to demonstrate to us that we have lost the original meaning of the word prophesy, and substituted another meaning in its place, this alone would be sufficient; for it is impossible to use and apply the word prophesy, in the place it is here used and applied, if we give to it the sense which later times have affixed to it. The manner in which it is here used strips it of all religious meaning, and shews that a man might then be a prophet, or he might Prophesy, as he may now be a poet or a musician, without any regard to the morality or the immorality of his character. The word was originally a term of science, promiscuously applied to poetry and to music, and not restricted to any subject upon

which poetry and music might be exercised.

Deborah and Barak are called prophets, not because they predicted anything, but because they composed the poem or song that bears their name, in celebration of an act already done. David is ranked among the prophets, for he was a musician, and was also reputed to be (though perhaps very erroneously) the author of the Psalms. But Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob are not called prophets; it does not appear from any accounts we have, that they could either sing, play music, or make poetry.

We are told of the greater and the lesser prophets. They might as well tell us of the greater and the lesser God; for there cannot be degrees in prophesying consistently with its modern sense. But there are degrees in poetry, and there-fore the phrase is

reconcilable to the case, when we understand by it the greater and the lesser poets.

It is altogether unnecessary, after this, to offer any observations upon what those men, styled prophets, have written. The axe goes at once to the root, by showing that the original meaning of the word has been mistaken, and consequently all the inferences that have been drawn from those books, the devotional respect that has been paid to them, and the laboured commentaries that have been written upon them, under that mistaken meaning, are not worth disputing about.--In many things, however, the writings of the Jewish poets deserve a better fate than that of being bound up, as they now are, with the trash that accompanies them, under the abused name of the Word of God.

If we permit ourselves to conceive right ideas of things, we must necessarily affix the idea, not only of unchangeableness, but of the utter impossibility of any change taking place, by any means or accident whatever, in that which we would honour with the name of the Word of God; and therefore the Word of God cannot exist in any written or human language.

The continually progressive change to which the meaning of words is subject, the want of an universal language which renders translation necessary, the errors to which translations are again subject, the mistakes of copyists and printers, together with the possibility of wilful alteration, are of themselves evidences that human language, whether in speech or in print, cannot be the vehicle of the Word of God.--The Word of God exists in

something else.

Did the book called the Bible excel in  
purity of ideas and expression  
all the books now extant in the world, I  
would not take it for my  
rule of faith, as being the Word of God;  
because the possibility would  
nevertheless exist of my being  
imposed upon. But when I see  
throughout  
the greatest part of this book scarcely  
anything but a history of the  
grossest vices, and a collection of the  
most paltry and contemptible  
tales, I cannot dishonour my Creator by  
calling it by his name.

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**The Essential Characteristics of the  
Living Organism**, by Alfred R. Wallace  
from *Man's Place in the Universe*  
PG eBook 39928

Before trying to comprehend the physical conditions on any planet which are essential for the development and maintenance of a varied and complex system of organic life comparable to that of our earth, we must obtain some knowledge of what life is, and of the fundamental nature and properties of the living organism.

Physiologists and philosophers have made many attempts to define 'life,' but in most cases in aiming at absolute generality they have been vague and uninformative. Thus De Blainville defined it as 'The twofold internal movement of composition and decomposition, at once general and continuous';

while Herbert Spencer's latest definition was 'Life is the continuous adjustment of internal relations to external relations.' But neither of these is sufficiently precise, explanatory, or distinctive, and they might almost be applied to the changes occurring in a sun or planet, or to the elevation and gradual formation of a continent. One of the oldest definitions, that of Aristotle, seems to come nearer the mark: 'Life is the assemblage of the operations of nutrition, growth, and destruction.' But these definitions of 'life' are unsatisfactory, because they apply to an abstract idea rather than to the actual living organism. The marvel and mystery of life, as we know it, resides in the body which manifests it, and this living body the definitions ignore.

The essential points in the living body, as seen in its higher developments, are, first, that it consists throughout of highly complex but very unstable forms of matter, every particle of which is in a continual state of growth or decay; that it absorbs or appropriates dead matter from without; takes this matter into the interior of its body; acts upon it mechanically and chemically, rejecting what is useless or hurtful; and so transforming the remainder as to renew every atom of its own structure internal and external, at the same time throwing off, particle by particle, all the worn-out or dead portions of its own substance. Secondly, in order to be able to do all this, its whole body is permeated throughout by branching vessels or porous tissues, by which liquids and gases can reach every part and carry on the various processes of nutrition and excretion

above referred to. As Professor Burdon Sanderson well puts it: 'The most distinctive peculiarity of living matter as compared with non-living is, that it is ever changing while ever the same.' And these changes are the more remarkable because they are accompanied, and even produced, by a very large amount of mechanical work--in animals by means of their normal activities in search of food, in assimilating that food, in continually renewing and building up their whole organism, and in many other ways; in plants by building up their structure, which often involves raising tons of material high into the air, as in forest trees. As a recent writer puts it: 'The most prominent, and perhaps the most fundamental, phenomenon of life is what may be described as the \_Energy Traffic\_ or the function of \_trading in energy\_. The chief physical function of living matter seems to

consist in absorbing energy, storing it in a higher potential state, and afterwards partially expending it in the kinetic or active form.'[11]

Thirdly--and perhaps most marvellous of all--all living organisms have the power of reproduction or increase, in the lowest forms by a process of self-division or 'fission,' as it is termed, in the higher by means of reproductive cells, which, though in their earliest stage quite indistinguishable physically or chemically in very different species, yet possess the mysterious power of developing a perfect organism, identical with its parents in all its parts, shapes, and organs, and so wonderfully resembling them, that the minutest distinctive details of size, form, and colour, in hair or feathers, in teeth or claws, in scales, spines, or crests, are reproduced with very close

accuracy, though often involving metamorphic changes during growth of so strange a nature that, if they were not familiar to us but were narrated as occurring only in some distant and almost inaccessible region, would be treated as travellers' tales, incredible and impossible as those of Sindbad the Sailor.

In order that the substance of living bodies should be able to undergo these constant changes while preserving the same form and structure in minute details--that they should be, as it were, in a constant state of flux while remaining sensibly unchanged, it is necessary that the molecules of which they are built up should be so combined as to be easily separated and as easily united--be, as it is termed, labile or flowing; and this is brought about by their chemical composition, which, while consisting of few elements, is yet highly complex in

structure, a large number of chemical atoms being combined in an endless variety of ways.

The physical basis of life, as Huxley termed it, is protoplasm, a substance which consists essentially of only four common elements, the three gases, nitrogen, hydrogen, and oxygen, with the non-metallic solid, carbon; hence all the special products of plants and animals are termed carbon-compounds, and their study constitutes one of the most extensive and intricate branches of modern chemistry. Their complexity is indicated by the fact that the molecule of sugar contains 45, and that of stearine no less than 173, constituent atoms. The chemical compounds of carbon are far more numerous than those of all the other chemical elements combined; and it is this wonderful variety and the complexity of its possible combinations

which explain the fact, that all the various animal tissues--skin, horn, hair, nails, teeth, muscle, nerve, etc., consist of the same four elements (with occasionally minute quantities of sulphur, phosphorus, lime, or silica, in some of them), as proved by the marvellous fact that these tissues are all produced as well by the grass-eating sheep or ox as by the fish or flesh-eating seal or tiger. And the marvel is still further increased when we consider that the innumerable diverse substances produced by plants and animals are all formed out of the same three or four elements. Such are the endless variety of organic acids, from prussic acid to those of the various fruits; the many kinds of sugars, gums, and starches; the number of different kinds of oil, wax, etc.; the variety of essential oils which are mostly forms of turpentine, with such substances



as camphor, resins, caoutchouc, and gutta-percha; and the extensive series of vegetable alkaloids, such as nicotine from tobacco, morphine from opium, strychnine, curarine, and other poisons; quinine, belladonna, and similar medicinal alkaloids; together with the essential principles of our refreshing drinks, tea, coffee, and cocoa, and others too numerous to be named here--all alike consisting solely of the four common elements from which almost our whole organism is built up. If this were not indisputably proved, it would scarcely be credited.

Professor F.J. Allen considers that the most important element in protoplasm, and that which confers upon it its most essential properties in the living organism--its extreme mobility and transposibility--is nitrogen. This element, though inert in itself, readily enters into compounds when

energy is supplied to it, the most striking illustration of which is the formation of ammonia, a compound of nitrogen and hydrogen, produced by electric discharges through the atmosphere. Ammonia, and certain oxides of nitrogen produced in the atmosphere in the same way, are the chief sources of the nitrogen assimilated by plants, and through them by animals; for although plants are continually in contact with the free nitrogen of the atmosphere, they are unable to absorb it. By their leaves they absorb oxygen and carbon-dioxide to build up their woody tissues, while by their roots they absorb water in which ammonia and oxides of nitrogen are dissolved, and from these they produce the protoplasm which builds up the whole substance of the animal world. The energy required to produce these nitrogen-compounds is given up by them when undergoing further

changes, and thus the production of ammonia by electricity in the atmosphere, and its being carried by rain into the soil, constitute the first steps in that long series of operations which culminates in the production of the higher forms of life.

But the remarkable transformations and combinations continually going on in every living body, which are, in fact, the essential conditions of its life, are themselves dependent on certain physical conditions which must be always present. Professor Allen remarks: 'The sensitiveness of nitrogen, its proneness to change its state of combination and energy, appear to depend on certain conditions of temperature, pressure, etc., which exist at the surface of this earth. Most vital phenomena occur between the temperature of freezing water and 104° F. If the general temperature of the

earth's surface rose or fell 72° F. (a small amount relatively), the whole course of life would be changed, even perchance to extinction.'

Another important, and even more essential fact, in connection with life, is the existence in the atmosphere of a small but nearly constant proportion of carbonic acid gas, this being the source from which the whole of the carbon in the vegetable and animal kingdoms is primarily derived. The leaves of plants absorb carbonic acid gas from the atmosphere, and the peculiar substance, chlorophyll, from which they derive their green colour, has the power, under the influence of sunlight, to decompose it, using the carbon to build up its own structure and giving out the oxygen. In the laboratory the carbon can only be separated from the oxygen by the application of heat, under which certain metals burn by combining with the

oxygen, thus setting free the carbon. Chlorophyll has a highly complex chemical structure very imperfectly known, but it is said to be only produced when there is iron in the soil.

The leaves of plants, so often looked upon as mere ornamental appendages, are among the most marvellous structures in living organisms, since in decomposing carbonic acid at ordinary temperatures they do what no other agency in nature can perform. In doing this they utilise a special group of ether-waves which alone appear to have this power. The complexity of the processes going on in leaves is well indicated in the following quotation:--

'We have seen how green leaves are supplied with gases, water, and dissolved salts, and how they can trap special ether-waves. The active energy of these waves is used to

transmute the simple inorganic compounds into complex organic ones, which in the process of respiration are reduced to simpler substances again, and the potential energy transformed into kinetic. These metabolic changes take place in living cells full of intense activities. Currents course through the protoplasm and cell-sap in every direction, and between the cells which are also united by strands of protoplasm. The gases used and given off in respiration and assimilation are floated in and out, and each protoplasm particle burned or unburned is the centre of an area of disturbance. Pure protoplasm is influenced equally by all rays: that associated with chlorophyll is affected by certain red and violet rays in particular. These, especially the red ones, bring about the dissociation of the elements of the carbonic acid, the assimilation of

the carbon, and the excretion of the oxygen.'[12]

It is this vigorous life-activity ever at work in the leaves, the roots, and the sap-cells, that builds up the plant, in all its wondrous beauty of bud and foliage, flower and fruit; and at the same time produces, either as useful or waste-products, all that wealth of odours and flavours, of colours and textures, of fibres and varied woods, of roots and tubers, of gums and oils and resins innumerable, that, taken altogether, render the world of vegetable life perhaps more varied, more beautiful, more enjoyable, more indispensable to our higher nature than even that of animals. But there is really no comparison between them. We \_could\_ have plants without animals; we could \_not\_ have animals without plants. And all this marvel and mystery of vegetable life, a mystery which we

rarely ponder over because its effects are so familiar, is usually held to be sufficiently explained by the statement that it is all due to the special properties of protoplasm. Well might Huxley say, that protoplasm is not only a substance but a structure or mechanism, a mechanism kept at work by solar heat and light, and capable of producing a thousand times more varied and marvellous results than all the human mechanism ever invented.

But besides absorbing carbonic acid from the atmosphere, separating and utilising the carbon and giving out the oxygen, plants as well as animals continually absorb oxygen from the atmosphere, and this is so universally the case that oxygen is said to be the food of protoplasm, without which it cannot continue to live; and it is the peculiar but quite invisible structure of the protoplasm which enables it to do this, and also in plants



to absorb an enormous amount of water as well.

But although protoplasm is so complex chemically as to defy exact analysis, being an elaborate structure of atoms built up into a molecule in which each atom must occupy its true place (like every carved stone in a Gothic cathedral), yet it is, as it were, only the starting-point or material out of which the infinitely varied structures of living bodies are formed. The extreme mobility and changeability of the structure of these molecules enables the protoplasm to be continually modified both in constitution and form, and, by the substitution or addition of other elements, to serve special purposes. Thus when sulphur in small quantities is absorbed and built into the molecular structure, proteids are formed. These are most abundant in animal structures, and give the nourishing properties to meat,

cheese, eggs, and other animal foods; but they are also found in the vegetable kingdom, especially in nuts and seeds such as grain, peas, etc. These are generally known as nitrogenous foods, and are very nutritious, but not so easily digestible as meat. Proteids exist in very varied forms and often contain phosphorus as well as sulphur, but their main characteristic is the large proportion of nitrogen they contain, while many other animal and vegetable products, as most roots, tubers, and grains, and even fats and oils, are mainly composed of starch and sugar. In its chemical and physiological aspects protein is thus described by Professor W.D. Haliburton:--'Proteids are produced only in the living laboratory of animals and plants; proteid matter is the all-important material present in protoplasm. This molecule is the most complex that is known; it always contains five and often six or even

seven elements. The task of thoroughly understanding its composition is necessarily vast, and advance slow.

But,

little by little, the puzzle is being solved, and this final conquest of organic chemistry, when it does arrive, will furnish physiologists with new light on many of the dark places of physiological science.'[13]

What makes protoplasm and its modifications still more marvellous is the power it possesses of absorbing and moulding a number of other elements in various parts of living organisms for special uses. Such are silica in the stems of the grass family, lime and magnesia in the bones of animals, iron in blood, and many others. Besides the four elements constituting protoplasm, most animals and plants contain also in some parts of their structure sulphur, phosphorus, chlorine, silicon, sodium, potassium,

calcium, magnesium, and iron; while, less frequently, fluorine, iodine, bromine, lithium, copper, manganese, and aluminium are also found in special organs or structures; and the molecules of all these are carried by the protoplasmic fluids to the places where they are required and built into the living structure, with the same precision and for similar ends as brick and stone, iron, slate, wood, and glass are each utilised in their proper places in any large building.[14] The organism, however, is not built, but grows. Every organ, every fibre, cell, or tissue is formed from diverse materials, which are first decomposed into their elementary molecules, transformed by the protoplasm or by special solvents formed from it, carried to the places where they are needed by the vital fluids, and there built up atom by atom or molecule by molecule into the special

structures of which they are to form a part.

But even this marvel of growth and repair of every individual organism is far surpassed by the greater marvel of reproduction. Every living thing of the higher orders arises from a single microscopic cell, when fertilised, as it is termed, by the absorption of another microscopic cell derived from a different individual. These cells are often, even under the highest powers of the microscope, hardly distinguishable from other cells which occur in all animals and plants and of which their structure is built up; yet these special cells begin to grow in a totally different manner, and instead of forming one particular part of the organism, develop inevitably into a complete living thing with all the organs, powers, and peculiarities of its parents, so as to be recognisably of the same species. If the

simple growth of the fully formed organism is a mystery, what of this growth of thousands of complex organisms each with all its special peculiarities, yet all arising from minute germs or cells the diverse natures of which are wholly indistinguishable by the highest powers of the microscope? This, too, is said to be the work of protoplasm under the influence of heat and moisture, and modern physiologists hope some day to learn 'how it is done.' It may be well here to give the views of a modern writer on this point. Referring to a difficulty which had been stated by Clerk-Maxwell twenty-five years ago, that there was not room in the reproductive cell for the millions of molecules needed to serve as the units of growth for all the different structures in the body of the higher animals, Professor M'Kendrick says:--'But to-day, it is reasonable from existing data to suppose that the

germinal vesicle might contain a million of millions of organic molecules. Complex arrangements of these molecules suited for the development of all the parts of a highly complicated organism, might satisfy all the demands of the theory of heredity. Doubtless the germ was a material system through and through. The conception of the physicist was, that molecules were in various states of movement; and the thinkers were striving toward a kinetic theory of molecules and of atoms of solid matter, which might be as fruitful as the kinetic theory of gases. There were motions atomic and molecular. It was conceivable that the peculiarities of vital action might be determined by the kind of motion that took place in the molecules of what we call living matter. It might be different in kind from some of the motions dealt with by physicists. Life is continually being

created from non-living material--such, at least, is the existing view of growth by the assimilation of food. The creation of living matter out of non-living may be the transmission to the dead matter of molecular motions which are \_sui generis\_ in form.' This is the modern physiological view of 'how it may be done,' and it seems hardly more intelligible than the very old theory of the origin of stone axes, given by Adrianus Tollius in 1649, and quoted by Mr. E.B. Tylor, who says:--'He gives drawings of some ordinary stone axes and hammers and tells how naturalists say that they are generated in the sky by a fulgureous exhalation conglobed in a cloud by the circumfixed humour, and are, as it were, baked hard by intense heat, and the weapon becomes pointed by the damp mixed with it flying from the dry part, and leaving the other end denser, but the



exhalations press it so hard that it breaks through the cloud and makes thunder and lightning. But--he says--if this is really the way in which they are generated, it is odd they are not round, and that they have holes through them. It is hardly to be believed, he thinks.'[15] And so, when the physiologists, determined to avoid the assumption of anything beyond matter and motion in the germ, impute the whole development and growth of the elephant or of man from minute cells internally alike, by means of 'kinds of motion' and the 'transmission of motions which are *\_sui generis\_* in form,' many of us will be inclined to say with the old author--'It is hardly to be believed, I think.'

This brief statement of the conclusions arrived at by chemists and physiologists as to the composition and structure of organised living

things has been thought advisable, because the non-scientific reader has often no conception of the incomparable marvel and mystery of the life-processes he has always seen going on, silently and almost unnoticed, in the world around him. And this is still more the case now that two-thirds of our population are crowded into cities where, removed from all the occupations, the charms, and the interests of country life, they are driven to seek occupation and excitement in the theatre, the music-hall, or the tavern. How little do these know what they lose by being thus shut out from all quiet intercourse with nature; its soothing sights and sounds; its exquisite beauties of form and colour; its endless mysteries of birth, and life, and death. Most people give scientific men credit for much greater knowledge than they possess in these matters; and

many educated readers will, I feel sure, be surprised to find that even such apparently simple phenomena as the rise of the sap in trees are not yet completely explained. As to the deeper problems of life, and growth, and reproduction, though our physiologists have learned an infinite amount of curious or instructive facts, they can give us no intelligible explanation of them.

The endless complexities and confusing amount of detail in all treatises on the physiology of animals and plants are such, that the average reader is overwhelmed with the mass of knowledge presented to him, and concludes that after such elaborate researches everything must be known, and that the almost universal protests against the need of any causes but the

mechanical, physical, and chemical laws and forces are well founded. I have, therefore, thought it advisable to present a kind of bird's-eye view of the subject, and to show, in the words of the greatest living authorities on these matters, both how complex are the phenomena and how far our teachers are from being able to give us any adequate explanation of them.

I venture to hope that the very brief sketch of the subject I have been able to give will enable my readers to form some faint general conception of the infinite complexity of life and the various problems connected with it; and that they will thus be the better enabled to appreciate the extreme delicacy of those adjustments, those forces, and those complex conditions of the environment, that alone render life, and above all the grand age-long panorama of the development

of life, in any way possible. It is to these conditions, as they prevail in the world around us, that we will now direct our attention.

#### FOOTNOTES:

[11] Professor F.J. Allen: \_What is Life?

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[12] Art. 'Vegetable Physiology' in \_Chambers's Encyclopædia\_.

[13] Address to the British Association, 1902, Section Physiology.

[14] This enumeration of the elements that enter into the structure of plants and animals is taken from Professor F.J. Allen's paper already referred to.

[15] \_Early History of Mankind\_, 2nd ed. p. 227.

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**August**, from  
*Marvels of Pond-life*, by Henry J. Slack  
PG eBook #36903

In the beginning of this month a pond in the Finchley Road, a little beyond the Highgate Archway, supplied some more specimens of the Pterodina patina, described in a previous chapter; but towards the middle of the month a visit to Chipstead, in Surrey, enabled a new region to be explored.

It is always a treat to a Londoner to get down to any of the picturesque parts of Surrey; the trees exhibit a richness of foliage and variety of colour not seen within the regions of metropolitan smoke; the distance glows with the rich purples so much admired in the pictures of Linnel, and the sunsets light up earth and sky with the golden tints he is so

well able to reproduce. Probably the warmth of the soil, and the purity of the air, may make Surrey ponds prolific in microscopic life; but of this we do not know enough to make a fair comparison, although our own dips into them were tolerably lucky.

Walking one day down a lane leading towards Reigate, where the trees arched overhead, ferns grew plentifully in the sandy banks, and the sunlight flitted through the branches, and chequered the path, we came to a shallow pond, or great puddle, which crossed the way, and near the edge of the water the eye was struck with patches of crimson colour. On attempting to take up a portion of one of these patches the whole disappeared, although when the disturbance ceased the rich colour again clothed the dingy mud. The appearance was caused by thousands of little worms, belonging to the genus

\_Tubifex\_, not uncommon in such situations, who thrust themselves out to enjoy the light and air, and retreat the moment an alarm is given. Probably both actions belong to the class described in the last chapter, as "reflex;" but it would be interesting to know whether creatures so humble have any sense of fear. These worms will repay observation, but in these pages we eschew all their tribe--unless the rotifers be assigned to them--and take ourselves once more to our especial subjects.

Knowing that farm-ponds are usually well stocked with microscopic game, we made a dip into one more especially assigned to ducks, and obtained wondrous little for our pains. We were not, however, discouraged, but made an examination of the circumstances, which determined a particular course of action. Our piece of water was simply a dirty duck-pond, in



which no large plants were growing, and which did not even exhibit the little disks of duckweed that are common to such situations. There was, however, on the surface, in parts, an exceedingly fine scum of pale yellow green, and this, armed with a teaspoon, we proceeded to attack. By careful skimming, a small bottle was half-filled with minute organic particles, which were likely to be interesting in themselves, and pretty sure to be the food for something else. A small drop was placed on a tablet of the live-box, flattened out by the application of the cover, and viewed with a power of two hundred linear, which disclosed swarms of brilliant green globes, amongst which were a good sprinkle of minute creatures, like the *Euglenæ* already described, and whose little red eyes contrasted vividly with the prevailing emerald hue.

One of the higher infusoria, whose species I could not identify, was devouring them like a porpoise among sprats. It did not, however, exhibit any sense in its hungry career; it moved about in all directions, gulping down what came in its way, but often permitting the escape of the little green things that were almost in its mouth. The little globes rolled and whirled about without the faintest indication of a purpose, and without exhibiting any instrument with which their locomotion was effected. To find out how this was done, a higher power was used, and from their extreme minuteness an amplification of seven hundred and twenty linear was conveniently employed, although a lower one (three or four hundred) disclosed the secret by showing that a little whip was flourished about through

the neck, which the lower power revealed. When highly magnified, each little globe was seen to consist of an outer case of a reddish orange colour, which was noticeable on looking at the edges, although in the centre it was transparent enough to show the brilliant green contents, that resembled the chlorophyll, or green colouring matter of plants. From a short neck proceeded the whip-like filament, which was lashed and twisted about in all directions. These little creatures belong to the monad family, but whether they are to be called \_Trachelomonads\_, or by some other hard name, the learned must decide.

The 'Micrographic Dictionary' puts a note of interrogation to the assertion of some writers that \_Trachelomonads\_ have no necks, and draws some with such an appendage.

Pritchard's last edition is against necks, and whether the necks or no necks are to win, is a mighty question equal at least to the famous controversy, which divided the world into "big and little endians in the matter of breaking eggs."

A discussion of more importance is, whether these \_Cryptomonads\_--that name will do whatever comes of the neck controversy--are animals or vegetables. Lachmann and Mr. Carter affirm that they have detected a contractile vesicle, which would assimilate them to the animal series, but their general behaviour is vegetable; and the 'Micrographic Dictionary' is in favour of referring them to the \_Algæ\_--that great family of simple plants, of which the sea-weeds are the most important representatives.

When any of the monads swarm, there

are sure to be plenty of other creatures to eat them up, and in this instance the predaceous animalcule, already described, was not the only enemy the little green globes had to suffer from, as two sorts of rotifer were frequently met with. One of these was a very handsome and singular creature, which in some positions had the general contour of a cockatoo, only that the legs were wanting, and the head exhibited a monkey face. The "wheels" were represented by ciliary tufts, and two bright red eyes twinkled with a knowing look. From each shoulder proceeded a long curved spine, and about two thirds down the body, and lying between the two long spines, a shorter one was articulated, which followed the same curve. A gizzard was busy in the breast, and the body terminated in two short toes, which grasped a large round egg. Whenever the cilia were drawn in, the three

spines were thrown up; but they had an independent motion of their own, and every now and then were jerked suddenly and violently back, which occasioned a rapid change in the creature's position. The gizzard appeared to consist of two rounded masses, having several ridges of teeth, which worked against each other something like the prominences of a coffee-mill. From the three spines, this animal was a *Triarthra*, or Three-limbed Rotifer, but the position of the spines, and the toes, made it differ from any species described in the 'Micrographic Dictionary,' or in Pritchard.

Whether or not this species is to be regarded as having a lorica or not, must depend upon the precise meaning attached to that word. At any rate the integument was much firmer than in many of the rotifers, and gave an

efficient support to the spines which a mere skin could not do. As Mr. Gosse remarks of an allied genus, the Polyarthra, or Many-limbed Rotifer, this creature could not be investigated without coming to the conclusion "Here again we have true jointed limbs;" a fact of great importance in determining the zoological rank of the family, and in supporting Mr. Gosse's view some at least bore a strong affinity with the group of Arthropoda, of which the insects are the principal representatives.

Another rotifer of even greater interest, which was busy among the Cryptomonads, was the Brachion, or "Pitcher Rotifer" (Brachionus). The members of this genus will frequently reward the searcher into pond-life. Their main characteristic is a cup or pitcher-shaped lorica, which is cut or notched at the top into

several horns or projections, the number of which indicates the species; while two or more similar projections ornament the bottom. This lorica is like the shell of a tortoise open at both ends; from the top an extremely beautiful wreath of cilia is protruded, and also some longer and stiff cilia, or slender spines, which do not exhibit the rotatory movement. The ciliary apparatus is in reality continuous, but it more often presents the appearance of several divisions, and the lateral cilia frequently hang over the sides. From the large size of each cilium they are very favorable creatures for exhibiting the real nature of the action, which gives rise to the rotatory appearance, and which can be easier studied than described. By movements, partly from their base, and partly arising from the flexibility of their structure, the cilia come alternately in



and out of view, and when set in a circular pattern, the effect is amazingly like the spinning round of a wheel. The internal arrangements of the Brachiones are finely displayed, and they have a most aldermanic allowance of gizzard, which extends more than half way across each side of the median line, and shows all the portions described by Mr. Gosse. As the joints of this machine move, and the teeth are brought together, one could fancy a sound of mill-work was heard, and the observer is fully impressed with a sense of mechanical power.

When the creature is obliging enough to present a full front view, her domestic economy is excellently displayed. The prey that is caught in her whirlpool is carried down by a strong ciliary current to the gizzard, which may be often seen grappling with objects that appear

much too big for its grasp; and Mr. Gosse was lucky in witnessing an attempt to chew up a morsel that did actually prove too large and too tough, and which, after many ineffectual efforts, was suddenly cast out. As soon as food has passed the gizzard, it is assisted in its journey by more ciliary currents, which are noticeable in the capacious stomach, in the neighbourhood of which the secreting and other vessels are readily observed. Just over the gizzard blazes a great red eye, of a square or oblong form, and it reposes upon a large mass of soft granular-looking brain, which well justifies Mr. Gosse's epithet "enormous." Whether this brain is highly organized enough to be a \_thinking\_ apparatus, we do not know, but it is evidently the cause of a very vigorous and consentaneous action of the various organs the Brachion possesses.

A description of the Brachion would be very incomplete if it omitted that important organ the tail, which in this family reaches the highest point of development. It is a powerful muscular organ, of great size in proportion to the animal, capable of complete retraction within the carapace, and of being everted wholly, or partially, at will. It terminates in two short conical toes, protruded from a tube-like sheath, and capable of adhering firmly even to a substance so slippery as glass. This tail may be observed to indicate a variety of emotions, if we can ascribe such feelings to a rotifer, and it answers many purposes. Now we see it cautiously thrust forth, and turned this way and that, exploring like an elephant's trunk, and almost as flexible. Now it seizes firm hold of some substance, and anchors its proprietor hard and fast. A few

moments afterwards it lashes out right and left with fury, like the tail of a cat in a passion. Then again it will be retracted, and a casual observer might not imagine the Brachion to be furnished with such a terminal implement.

The Brachiones may often be seen with one or more large eggs stuck about the upper part of the tail, and others may be discerned inside. One specimen before us has three eggs attached to her in this way. They are large oval bodies, with a firm shell. These creatures differ very much in appearance, according to the direction in which they are seen, and a side view makes them look so different from a full front or back aspect, that it would be easy to suppose another animal was under observation. The extent to which the ciliary apparatus is protruded, and the pattern it forms likewise differs

continually; and hence no drawing, however correct, is sure to resemble the arrangement that may be presented to the observer's eye. But however our little "Pitcher" may be viewed, it is sure to prove a spectacle of interest and delight.

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**A Search for Robin Hood**, from  
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452, Volume 18, New Series, August  
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The adventures of an amateur in search of a picture, of a foundling in search of his father, and even of a dog in search of his master, have been severally recorded by skilful pens for the amusement of the public. But, however entertaining or romantic these narratives may be considered, they can hardly surpass in interest the curious history which has just been disclosed of the adventures of an antiquary in search of a ballad-hero. We owe our knowledge of the facts to one of a series of \_Critical and Historical Tracts\_, by the Rev. Joseph Hunter, now in course of publication. Mr Hunter is an assistant-keeper of the public records, and is well known, by

his other publications, as one of the most laborious and most judicious elucidators of mysterious passages in our national history. But the evidences of industry, of minute knowledge, and of logical acuteness, contained in his little treatise concerning 'the ballad-hero, Robin Hood,' are really surprising. The story of an obscure outlaw, who chased deer and took purses in a northern forest five hundred years ago, has been investigated with the painstaking sagacity of a Niebuhr; and a strong light has been unexpectedly thrown on the state of public sentiment and manners existing at that period. Mr Hunter, it is proper to say, dwells in his treatise chiefly upon results, and says little, and that very modestly, of the labours by which they were obtained. He even seems to fear that his subject may be considered trivial, and that he

may possibly receive 'the censure of being one who busies himself with the mere playthings of antiquity.' Dr Percy, when he compiled his invaluable Reliques, had similar apprehensions, which were then not altogether groundless; but it may reasonably be hoped, that the race of pedants, who wondered how a man of learning could be interested in a bundle of old ballads, is now extinct.

Departing a little from the method and order observed by Mr Hunter in his tract, we will endeavour not only to state in a condensed form the remarkable conclusions at which he has arrived, but also to follow, as accurately as his references will enable us to do so, the ingenious processes of investigation which led to these results. The object of the inquiry was to determine, in the first place, whether such a person as Robin Hood ever existed;



and, in the second place, to ascertain who and what he was, and to what extent the ballads of which he was the hero were based upon actual occurrences. What a vast amount of uncertainty there was to clear up, may be inferred from the wide differences of opinion among writers of the highest credit who preceded Mr Hunter in this inquiry. The celebrated historian of the Norman Conquest, M. Thierry, supposes Robin Hood to have been the chief of a small body of Saxons, who, in their forest strongholds, held out for a time against the domination of the Norman conquerors. On this point, as confessedly on others, the French historian seems to have derived his opinions from the suggestive scenes in Scott's splendid romance of Ivanhoe. Another writer conjectures, that the outlaws of whom Robin was the leader, may have been some of the

adherents of Simon de Montfort, whose partisans were pursued to extremity after the fatal battle of Evesham, in the year 1264. Others, still, have denied altogether the existence, at any period, of such a person as Robin Hood. They make him either a mere hero of romance--the 'creation of some poetical mind;' or else, led by a similarity of names, they discover in him merely one of the embodiments of popular superstitions--a sylvan sprite, a Robin Goodfellow, or a Hudkin. Only two years ago, a historical writer of no small acumen, Mr Thomas Wright, published his opinion, that Robin Hood, in his original character, was simply 'one amongst the personages of the early mythology of the Teutonic people.'

But Mr Hunter could not concur in these views, or be satisfied with the mode of reasoning by which they

were maintained. In his opinion, Robin Hood was neither a Saxon malcontent nor the hero of a poet's romance; nor yet was he 'a goblin or a myth.' He was, in all probability, exactly such a person as the popular songs described him--an English yeoman, an outlaw living in the woods, and noted for his skill in archery. Previous researches had proved, that many of our old ballads are merely rhyming records of historical events. Mr Hunter had already rescued one ballad-hero, Adam Bell, from the 'danger of being reduced to an abstraction or a myth;' and it now remained for him to undertake the same good office for a more renowned freebooter.

The first thing to be done was, of course, to examine carefully the ballads themselves, and to ascertain the amount and value of the

evidence they afforded, as to the epoch and the real story of their hero. It appeared, then, that 'three single ballads are found in manuscript, which cannot be later than the fourteenth century.' There is also a poem of considerable length, entitled \_The Lytel Geste of Robyn Hood\_, which was printed by Winkyn de Worde, in or about the year 1495. It is 'a kind of life' of the outlaw, and is composed of several ballads, strung together by means of a few intermediate stanzas, which give continuity to the story. The language of these ballads is that of the preceding century--being, in fact, the same as that of the ballads in manuscript. Thus the date of the songs themselves is carried back as far as the fourteenth century. It is, moreover, in the middle of this century that the first allusion to Robin Hood occurs in any work of

undoubted authority. In Longland's poem, entitled \_The Vision of Pierce Ploughman\_, the date of which is between 1355 and 1365, mention is made of 'rymes of Robyn Hood and Randolph Earl of Chester,' the outlaw and the earl being apparently both regarded as historical personages, about whom songs had been written. It may be observed, that if the Robin Hood ballads were much older than this date, it must be considered surprising that no earlier allusion to them should be found, since in the subsequent century they were referred to by many writers.

According to the story contained in the Lytel Geste, Robin Hood was at the head of a band of outlaws, who made their head-quarters in Bernysdale, or Barnesdale--once 'a woody and famous forest,' on the southern confines of Yorkshire, in the neighbourhood of Doncaster,

Wakefield, and Pontefract; and who  
infested the woodlands and the  
highways from thence as far as  
Sherwood and Nottingham, near which  
ancient town some of their boldest  
exploits were performed. They slew  
the king's deer, and plundered rich  
travellers, but spared the humble,  
relieved the distressed, and were  
courteous to all who did not offend  
them.

Robyn was a proude outlaw  
Whyles he walked on ground;  
So curtyse an outlaw as he was one,  
Was never none yfound.

All the ballads agree in ascribing to the  
outlaw chief a manly bearing  
and a generous disposition, such as  
might be expected to distinguish a  
respectable yeoman of a class  
somewhat above the ordinary, whom  
the fortune of war had driven from his  
home to a lawless life in the

forest. That this was Robin Hood's condition, may be inferred from the general language of the ballads; but the important question is, whether any other testimony can be found to confirm this conjecture, and to give us any definite and authentic information about the fact. This is the question which Mr Hunter has undertaken to answer. The clue which first catches his experienced eye, is \_the name of an English king\_. One of the most remarkable adventures which the ballads record of Robin Hood, is his meeting with the king, who induced him, for a time, to take service in his household. The king, according to this authority, was exasperated with Robin and his men chiefly on account of the destruction which they had made of his deer. Finding that it was impossible to capture the outlaw by force, the king consented to practise a stratagem,

suggested by a forester who was well acquainted with the outlaw's habits. He disguised himself as an abbot, and with five knights habited as monks, and a man leading sumpter-horses, rode into the greenwood. A wealthy abbot's baggage, and his ransom, would be just the bait most tempting to Robin and his men. The king, as he had expected, was seized by them, and led away to their lodge in the forest. The outlaws, however, behave courteously as usual; and when the abbot announces that he comes from the king at Nottingham, and brings a letter from his majesty, inviting Robin to come to that town, the latter receives the information joyously, and declares that 'he loves no man in all the world so well as he does his king.' Presently the monarch discovers himself, and the outlaw chief and his men kneel, and profess their



loyalty--Robin at the same time asking for mercy for him and his. The king grants it on condition that Robin will leave the greenwood, and will come to court and enter his service. We quote the following after Mr Hunter, merely modernising the orthography:--

'Yes, fore God!' then said our king,  
'Thy petition I grant thee,  
With that thou leave the greenwood,  
And all thy company;

'And come home, sir, to my court,  
And there dwell with me.'  
'I make mine avow to God,' said  
Robin,  
'And right so shall it be:

'I will come to your court  
Your service for to see.'

Accordingly, Robin left the greenwood and his company, entered the

king's household, went with him to the court at London, and remained in his service for a year and three months. Having by that time become weary of this uncongenial mode of life, he obtained permission from the king to pay a visit to his old residence at Barnesdale. Here he resumes once more his former way of life 'under the greenwood-tree,' and becomes again chief of the outlaws of Barnesdale and Sherwood.

Now if, among the adventures ascribed to Robin by the old ballads, there is one far more improbable than all the rest, and one which an ordinary commentator would set down at once as a pure fiction of the poet, it is certainly that which has just been related. Mr Hunter, however, is not an ordinary commentator. If the story is a strange one, he doubtless reflected, 'truth is stranger than fiction;' and if

it is intrinsically and evidently improbable, that is the very reason why a poet would not have invented it. Mr Hunter, therefore, did what no other inquirer had before thought of doing--he examined the historical and documentary evidence which might throw light upon the subject. The ballad, fortunately, gives the name of the king who was concerned in this singular adventure. He is repeatedly spoken of as 'Edward, our comely king'--a phrase, by the way, which clearly implies that the ballad was composed while the monarch was still living. This circumstance is not noticed by Mr Hunter, but it is one of some importance, inasmuch as a poet would hardly have ventured to introduce the name of the reigning monarch into a purely fictitious narrative. But there are three Edwards--the first, second, and third of the name, among whom it is necessary to

distinguish the one to whom the poet referred. Now, according to the ballad, this 'comely king,' before he fell in with Robin, had journeyed through the county of Lancaster:

All the pass of Lancashire,  
He went both far and near,  
Till he came to Plumpton Park,  
He failed [missed] many of his  
deer.

The question then arises, which of the three Edwards did travel in that county? To this question, Mr Hunter's researches fortunately enable him to return a decisive answer. King Edward I. never was in Lancashire after he became king. King Edward III. was not in Lancashire in the early years of his reign, and probably never at all. But King Edward II. did make a 'progress' in Lancashire, and only one. The time was in the autumn of 1323,

the seventeenth year of his reign,  
and the fortieth of his age. By the dates  
of the royal writs, and by  
other documents, Mr Hunter is enabled  
to trace the king's route and  
his various removes on this occasion  
with great minuteness. He follows  
him, for example, from York to  
Holderness; thence to Pickering, to  
Wherlton Castle, to Richmond and  
Jervaulx Abbey, and to Haywra Park,  
in the forest of Knaresborough. In this  
forest is situated Plumpton  
Park, which is mentioned in the ballad  
as having been visited by the  
king, who here became aware of  
Robin's depredations. King Edward  
proceeded thence by way of Skipton,  
and several other towns, to  
Liverpool, and, continuing his progress,  
arrived on the 9th of  
November at Nottingham, where he  
remained till the 23d of that month;  
and it was from Nottingham, it will be  
remembered, that the king set

out in disguise to look for Robin Hood.

But if the 'proud outlaw' on this occasion actually took service in the king's household, his name would be likely to appear among those of the royal attendants, if any list of these is preserved. This consideration occurred to Mr Hunter. The result of his search must be told in his own words. 'It will scarcely be believed,' he observes, 'but it is, nevertheless, the plain and simple truth, that in documents preserved in the Exchequer, containing accounts of expenses in the king's household, we find the name of "Robyn Hode," not once, but several times occurring, receiving, with about eight-and-twenty others, the pay of 3d. a day, as one of the "\_valets, porteurs de la chambre\_" of the king. Whether this was some other person who chanced

to bear the same name, or that the ballad-maker has in this related what was mere matter of fact, it will become no one to affirm in a tone of authority. I, for my part, believe it is the same person.'

Mr Hunter then quotes the words of the original record, which is in Norman-French. It recites the names of the twenty-four '\_portours\_'--as the word is here spelled--who received pay from the 24th of March to the 21st of April 1324; and among these are the names of 'Robyn Hod' and 'Simon Hod.' These names do not occur in any previous document. The date of the record, it will be observed, is in the spring of the year following that in which the king made his progress through Lancashire, and stayed for some time at Nottingham on his return southward.

The office of valet, or \_porteur de la chambre\_, in those days, was probably similar to that of the present groom of the chamber, and if so, was a highly respectable and confidential post. In the ballad, Robin Hood is represented, while at court, as spending his money freely with knights and squires. His profusion, indeed, soon exhausted his purse, which the daily pay of 3d., however munificent it may have been at that period, could not replenish. Robin became, observes Mr Hunter, moody and melancholy:

'Alas!' then said good Robin,  
'Alas, and well-a-day I  
If I dwell longer with the king,  
Sorrow will me slay.'

At last, he petitions the king for permission to pay a visit to his chapel at Barnesdale; declaring, that for seven nights he has not been



able to sleep, nor for seven days to eat or drink, so sore is his longing to see Barnesdale again. The king consents, but only for a se'nnight; 'in which,' says Mr Hunter, 'I suspect a corruption, for there was no Great Northern in those days.' Probably the leave of absence was for seven weeks instead of days.

Now, it is remarkable, that in the Exchequer pay-lists, the new porteur's name continues to appear (once under the form of Robert Hood) until the 22d of November 1324. Under this date appears an entry, which Mr Hunter has given in the original Norman-French, but which we prefer to translate: 'Robyn Hod, heretofore one of the porteurs, because he could no longer work, received as a gift, by command, 5s.' After this, we are told, his name does not again appear.

The 22d of November 1324, was just a year from the time when the king was at Nottingham, where he arrived on the 9th of November 1323. Robin Hood, if he then took service, would have been in the royal household about a twelvemonth. The ballad, however, makes his service last for a year and three months. The discrepancy is not great; and it may, perhaps, be explained by the circumstance, that when Robin left the court, it was at first merely on leave of absence; and he would, consequently, still regard himself as in the king's service until he had finally determined to renounce it, which would probably not be until at least his term of leave had expired. The remarkable expression in the record, 'because he could no longer work,' seems, as Mr Hunter remarks, to correspond with Robin's declarations in the ballad, that he could neither eat, drink,

nor sleep; and if he remained longer at court, sorrow would kill him. This apparent coincidence, the author adds, 'may be but imagination; but it looks like a reality.' It must be admitted, that if the Robyn Hod, or Robert Hood, of the Exchequer records be not Robin Hood the outlaw, then all these singular agreements of names, of dates, and of circumstances, will make together a far greater marvel than any that is to be found in the ballad-story itself, which some sceptics would require us to disbelieve.

This, however, is only the commencement of Mr Hunter's researches, which we cannot here follow in the same detail. The ballads relate that Robin Hood, after continuing twenty-two years in the greenwood, died--through some foul play--at the convent of Kirklees, the prioress

of which was nearly related to him. On this hint, Mr Hunter seeks to discover, through this relationship, the original social position and family connections of the outlaw. He finds reason for believing, that the prioress of Kirklees at that period was a certain Elizabeth de Staynton, a member of a family of some note, established near Barnesdale. The Stayntons were tenants in chief of both the 'honours' of Tickhill and Pontefract. One of them was prior of Monk Bretton, and two were incumbents of churches in that vicinity. If Robin Hood was nearly related to this family, the connection would raise him somewhat above the rank of an ordinary yeoman; it might, as the author observes, 'give him that kind of generous air in which he is invested, and qualify him for his station among the valets of the crown.'

But if Robin Hood was a person of good condition, his name might perhaps be found in the law-records of the local courts; and, in fact, Mr Hunter has found, in the court-rolls of the manor of Wakefield, the name of 'Robertus Hood,' as that of the defendant in a suit relative to a small piece of land, in the ninth year of Edward II. He again appears in a subsequent year, when he is described as being of Wakefield; and the name of his wife, Matilda, is mentioned. Here is another curious coincidence. Mr Hunter says: 'The ballad testimony is--not the Lytel Geste, but other ballads of uncertain antiquity--that the outlaw's wife was named Matilda, which name she changed for Marian when she joined him in the greenwood.'

But what cause could have driven a respectable yeoman like Robin Hood,

along with so many others, apparently not much below him in rank, to the fastnesses of the forest? It is evident that only a great civil convulsion could have made, in one district, so large a number of outlaws of this peculiar character. Now, the rising of the discontented barons under the Earl of Lancaster, provoked by the king's favouritism and misgovernment, took place in the early part of the year 1322. By the battle of Boroughbridge, fought on the 16th of March in that year, the insurrection was suppressed. It was punished with great severity. The Earl of Lancaster and many of his adherents were beheaded, and their property was confiscated. Some offenders--probably persons who were not conspicuous in the outbreak--escaped with heavy fines; and among these are mentioned two members of the Staynton family, Robin

Hood's supposed connections. We may thence infer the part which he himself probably took in the movement. From his skill with the bow, and from the personal esteem in which he was held, it is likely that he would be a leader of the archers in the rebel force, and would consequently be of importance enough to become specially obnoxious to the king's party. Many others--perhaps the whole company which followed him to the battle--might be in the same plight. If so, it would account not only for their outlawry, but for the goodwill with which they were regarded by the people of their neighbourhood, who were generally favourable to the cause of the Earl of Lancaster, and looked upon him as a martyr. The battle of Boroughbridge, it should be observed, was fought in the year preceding that in which the king made his progress through the

north, and rested for a fortnight at Nottingham.

Mr Hunter, in conclusion, sums up the results of his investigation in what he cautiously styles his 'theory' concerning the career of the famous ballad-hero. He considers that Robin Hood was one of the 'contrariantes,' or malcontents, of the reign of King Edward II., and that he was still living in the early years of King Edward III.; but that his birth must 'be carried back into the reign of King Edward I., and fixed in the decennary period, 1285 to 1295; that he was born in a family of some station and respectability, seated at Wakefield or in villages around; that he, like many others, partook of the popular enthusiasm which supported the Earl of Lancaster, the great baron of those parts, who, having attempted in vain various changes in the



government, at length broke out into open rebellion, with many persons, great and small, following his standard; that when the earl fell, and there was a dreadful proscription, a few persons who had been in arms not only escaped the hazards of battle, but the arm of the executioner; that he was one of these; and that he protected himself against the authorities of the time, partly by secreting himself in the depths of the woods of Barnesdale or of the forest of Sherwood, and partly by intimidating the public officers by the opinion which was abroad of his unerring bow, and his instant command of assistance from numerous comrades as skilled in archery as himself; that he supported himself by slaying the wild animals which were found in the forests, and by levying a species of blackmail on passengers

along the great road which united London with Berwick, occasionally replenishing his coffers by seizing upon treasure as it was being transported on the road; that there was a self-abandonment and a courtesy in the way in which he proceeded, which distinguishes him from the ordinary highwayman; that he laid down the principle, that he would take from none but those who could afford to lose, and that, if he met with poor persons, he would bestow upon them some part of what he had taken from the rich: in short, that in this respect he was the supporter of the rights or supposed reasonable expectations of the middle and lower ranks--a leveller of the times; that he continued this course for about twenty months--April 1322 to December 1323--meeting with various adventures, as such a person must needs do,

some of which are related in the ballads respecting him; that when, in 1323, the king was intent upon freeing his forests from such marauders, he fell into the king's power; that this was at a time when the bitter feeling with which the king and the Spencers had first pursued those who had shewn themselves such formidable adversaries, had passed away, and a more lenient policy had supervened--the king, possibly for some secret and unknown reason, not only pardoned him all his transgressions, but gave him the place of one of the \_valets\_, \_porteurs de la chambre\_, in the royal household; which appointment he held for about a year, when the love for the unconstrained life he had led and for the charms of the country returned, and he left the court, and betook himself again to the greenwood shade; that he continued this mode of life we know not exactly

how long; and that at last he resorted to the prioress of Kirklees, his own relative, for surgical assistance, and in that priory he died and was buried.'

These conclusions must of course be looked upon at present merely as a series of probable suppositions. Mr Hunter does not pretend to have placed them within the domain of authentic history. But it is by no means unlikely, that future researches will produce evidence of the indubitable truth of some of them. To Mr Hunter is due the credit of having first pointed out the direction in which this evidence must be sought, and of having, at the same time, indicated by his example the true value of such researches in the light which they cast on the politics and social life of the period to which they refer.

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